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government as primarily the upholder of privilege, than the Supreme Court has afforded in virtue of this decision.

UNDER the new law, the Interstate Commerce Commission is to fix and adjust railway-rates so that the roads will be assured a "fair return" on property value. During the two years beginning March 1, 1920, a net operating income of five and one-half per cent on aggregate value is to be considered a "fair return." Clearly the rates fixed by the Commission must depend upon a proper determination of "aggregate value" and upon correct and economical accounting of operating costs. The law is vague on both these points. It prescribes merely that the Commission give "due consideration to all the elements of value recognized by the law of the land for rate-making purposes only upon "honest, efficient and economical management and reasonable expenditures for maintenance of way, structures and equipment." In connection with "economical management" it is interesting to note an amendment introduced by Congressman Thetus W. Sims to limit expenses chargeable to costs of operation. Congressman Sims called attention to the fact that the salary of the President of the Pennsylvania System in 1917 was \$75,460 and that eleven vice-presidents of the company were paid \$40,620 or more. Mr. Sims' statistics further showed that the Pennsylvania Company had twenty-three officers, including attorneys, whose salary was \$20,000 a year or more and whose aggregate annual salary was \$681,960. On the other hand, the twenty-three highest public officials of the United States, including the President, Vice-President, ten cabinet officers, nine justices of the Supreme Court and the Speaker of the House, received an annual salary of \$345,000, just a little more than half. According to Mr. Sims, the railroads of the country prior to Federal control, had for the year 1917, 208 general officers, including attorneys and receivers, whose salary or compensation was \$20,000 a year or more. The House was evidently not impressed by Congressman Sims' contention that a salary in excess of \$20,000 a year is "exorbitant" and is not required by the public interest, and that stockholders who like to pay large salaries to their officers should pay them out of net earnings.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Supreme Court's exhilarating little device known as the majority of one, certainly does the trick of raising human spirits in these days when champagne is scarce and dear. Stock-dividends are henceforth not taxable as income; and hungry shareholders all over the country are holding their mouths wide open for divisions of surplus. The decision hinged on a nice point, as the Supreme Court's decisions always do; as nice, tidy, and debatable as the famous one raised by Rabelais, namely, whether a chimera, buzzing in a vacuum, could devour second intentions. Probably in many cases the recipients of stock-dividends would have to sell some of their stock if they had to pay income-tax upon them. Hence, the decision will come as a measure of just relief in such cases, and the inevitable result in a wider distribution of stock-dividends must be accepted as an accident of the situation. The trouble is, however, that such dividends do not represent existent goods. They are merely a lien upon goods to be produced hereafter; goods to be produced by labour exercised upon natural resources. The decision causes our economic system to degenerate still further towards that of a mortgage-holding community, and gives our age just so much clearer title to become known as the age of paper.

BUT one does not feel like wasting many words on the stock-dividend decision, in the face of the one handed down about the same time, affecting the valuation of the railways. The Interstate Commerce Commission is now obliged to make valuation of a railway, not on the original value of the land it holds for operating purposes, but according to what those land-holdings are worth now. According to this, land-values in terminal property especially and also in rights of way, originally perhaps gotten for nothing or for very little, but worth no end of money now, must be counted in at their present value. Many New Yorkers can easily remember when land around the Grand Central Terminal was pretty well out in the woods, and when land around the upper West Side, where the New York Central has large trackage, was worth comparatively little. Those land-values are high now; and it is a sincere aggravation to think that, under the Supreme Court's decision, the New York Central will be permitted, probably, for reasons shown in the next paragraph, to raise its rates enough to cover a return on all that unearned increment. There never was a clearer exhibition of the nature of privilege; of the incidence of the burden of privilege; or of political

HERE, there, and everywhere, tenants are complaining about onerous and excessive increases in their rents. All sorts of devices have been improvised with a more or less serious view to curbing the rapacity of the landlord, and citizens of all our major communities have become more or less familiar with rent-strikes, indignation-meetings, mayor's committees, and the like. Some towns have tried the method of pitiless publicity. Some State legislatures have introduced bills of one kind or another, to limit profits accruing from rent. New York in particular has been blessed with abundant activity of this kind. In spite of all that can be done in this line, however, rents do not somehow seem to go down. In fact, real-estate dealers say that rents in New York are going still higher within the year; some say twenty per cent higher, others say forty per cent. Of course, one can never know how high they might have gone if it had not been for all this business of investigation and proposing of more new laws, but the acute difficulties of the rent-payer rather discourage one into mild scepticism. There

are a great many laws now on the statute-books, probably about eighty thousand of them, and the ordinary citizen seems not much more highly bettered by them than Panurge was by his sight of the Pope. The recurrence of rent-day brings with it a sense of incompetence and fictitiousness overclouding all these well-meant efforts to lighten the burden of the rent-payer, and one slips into the way of believing that the landlord is out to get whatever the traffic will bear, and that the law, in spite of its energetic gestures, will finally be found on his side.

BUT an able and interesting contemporary, in an issue which devotes considerable space to this matter of rent, has in its editorial columns, by a curious coincidence, the following:

It takes a big real estate transaction to give to brick-and-mortar Manhattan a whiff of the primitiveness that abides in the "farm." To-day are being sold some 140 patches of the Eden farm located just south of the old Cozine farm and north of the old Clinton farm. The vendue-masters have duly told us that this property of the Henry Astor estate is the greatest opportunity in New York's history. But the greatest opportunities, if we overlook such aboriginal transactions as the sale of Manhattan for the equivalent of \$24 were of the era of the original purchase of this and other farms by the shrewd Waldorf immigrant. One of his descendants boasted twenty years ago that the first Astor had paid \$4,500 for one farm that was then worth \$7,000,000, and that must now be worth several times even that figure. When the advertisements state that \$100, which will buy only \$50 worth of most property, will still buy full value in real estate, our imagination reverts to the days when \$100 would almost buy the basis for a great fortune. The original Astor was delighted when his wife brought him a dowry of \$300.

HERE, if the rent-payer is really interested in bettering his condition, if the municipal officials and the State and Federal legislators are really interested, if the various philanthropic agencies for improving, uplifting, and moralizing the poor are really interested, can be found a suggestion that will set them on the road to useful and permanent effectiveness. Instead of investigating the situation, of compiling statistics about it, of contemplating sumptuary legislation, of organizing methods of publicity to pillory the profiteering landlord, they might conceivably do much better and get much further by taking the account of this one transaction and making it a starting-point of a campaign of education in fundamental economics and fundamental public morality. If the first Astor paid \$4,500 for a farm which was worth seven millions twenty years ago and is now presumably worth more, who created those values? Who, then, is entitled to possess them? If \$100, invested in land, would now or ever almost buy the basis of a great fortune, who earned that fortune? Who, then, is entitled to enjoy it? Suppose a train of logical thought, started in this way, came out to the conclusion that values created by the community should be possessed by the community; suppose it led to the drawing of a clear line between economic rent and house-rent; how would the practical operation of such a theory affect tenants in such a situation as tenants everywhere are now in? As a matter of fact, the relations of landlord and tenant can never be satisfactorily or properly adjusted until the previous question of natural-resource monopoly is settled; and when that is settled, they will adjust themselves automatically.

AMERICANS are accustomed to Mr. Wilson's penchant for covering "is" with "seems." They know there is a good deal of the wizard in him; they saw him weave a rosy spell of humanitarianism over the grim facts of the war, and the still more grim facts of the peace which followed it. And although the spell has passed and they are disillusioned about Mr. Wilson's wizardry, they know that Mr. Wilson himself is not disillusioned about it, but goes right along with his incantations as if they were as powerful as ever. To Americans, therefore, the recent letter on Article X, far from proving, as the French

militarists and imperialists would have it, that the President's illness has made him irresponsible, indicates rather that he is quite himself again. The French militarists and imperialists have had some experience of Mr. Wilson; they have been allied with him for some three years; they had him with them for a large part of one year: they should remember what he has himself called his single-track mind, and realize that in his letter on Article X, that mind was bent on bamboozling the American Senate and consequently had no time to bother itself with their feelings. The French militarists and imperialists should be charitable to Mr. Wilson; that same facility in fashioning reasons to fit occasions which causes them present discomfort has been of immeasurable value to them in the past.

AS far as the French people are concerned, one may have considerable scepticism about the depth of the "indignation" that has been expressed in the Paris journals at President Wilson's statement on French militaristic policy. One may feel pretty confident that the President had very good reason for making pointed reference to the deplorable state of affairs into which France has been plunged by her military politicians. There is no reason to doubt that the President's expression of opinion will be allowed by millions of French peasants and artisans who desire peace and a wise statesmanship that will seek a positive method of dealing with the enormous financial problems which face the country. The violent language of the Millerand press does not by any means reflect sober and general French opinion, and no one but those who live in the past, think in the past, and write of the past, will be misled by the reports cabled to us of "seething indignation." The fact, well known in Europe and no doubt quite as well known to the President, is that the purely military expenditures of the French Government for the first three months of this year will amount to nearly \$545,000,000 (normal rate of exchange). This gigantic sum even made M. Lefèvre balk a little when he presented the report of the Credits Committees to the Chamber. He said it was "stupifying." The estimated total expenditure for the first three months of this year of peace is shown at the rate of \$9,000,000,000 (normal exchange) for the year. But what is to be expected when the imperialistic policies of France must be backed by expensive military support in Russia, in Poland, in Rumania, in Asia Minor, in Morocco, and sundry other places? Even under the most economical government, imperialistic policies cost like fury. President Wilson, no matter what his motive, uttered a salutary word of warning, for the reverses the French troops have suffered of late in Syria and Morocco cannot but disturb the minds of those who have at heart the best interests of the French people.

ABOUT the time the people of London were reading the news from Beirut that the Syrian Congress had declared Syria to be an independent state, Lord Curzon was telling the House of Lords that the Peace Conference hoped that when the new states were set up in Asia Minor, the United States "would help materially in assisting the new Armenia." This is an instance of how rapidly events are moving in the old world. The new states to be set up in Asia Minor by the Peace Conference may not materialize, now that the Syrians have decided to rule themselves. Furthermore, if the report be true that Mesopotamia will probably proclaim its independence and form a joint government with Syria, the outlook for the Allies in Asia Minor is a little dark. This difficult problem of the settlement of the Arabs and the Turks, is one that impinges upon the whole question of what is to be done with the Turkish Empire. Lord Curzon is in a very awkward position. He is obliged to defend the Turkish treaty against the substantial body of British opinion which seems determined to rid Europe of the Porte, and he employs the United States for his purpose, as a kind of whipping-boy. Lord Curzon says:

The difficulties with which we are confronted result from the fact that the treaty with Turkey ought to have been taken up a year ago if it had been possible. The circumstances which prevented that or rendered it difficult at Paris are well known and the House knows that the additional delay that ensued later in the year was due to no action or inaction on our part, but solely to our waiting for the United States of America.

AMERICANS can plainly see the distressing and preposterous difficulties which the principal European Allies have stirred up for themselves in this matter, but it is by no means clear to them that the United States Government is to blame. Were we parties to the Turkish secret treaties? Did our State Department know any more about the Turkish secret treaties than it did about a score of others which our European Allies made during the war? Again, have we an axe to grind in the Near-East? Do we seek spheres of interest in the Mediterranean, albeit we were a party to the Algeciras Act which provided for the maintenance and integrity of the sovereign state of Morocco? Have we put our pen to any other instrument which provides for the maintenance or the partition of any other Mediterranean state? Do we own Turkish bonds to such an extent that we prefer the inflow of interest to the cessation of massacre? How would our ratification of an unworkable treaty have made any difference in settling the Near-Eastern troubles of Great Britain and France which have arisen out of the secret treaties they made with Turkey? These are questions Lord Curzon might attempt to answer. The United States Government has blundered, blundered all along the line, but it seems unwarranted and unreasonable that the British Foreign Minister or anyone else should blame us for the preposterous imbroglio of the Near-Eastern question.

AFTER the recent victory of the direct-actionists in the poll of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, where direct action to enforce nationalization of the coal industry was carried by a majority of 178,000, it is interesting to turn to the English and the Scottish papers which record the progress of the Paisley by-election, where the hecklers seem to have made Mr. Asquith declare himself upon every economic, social, and political question under the sun. Nationalization, among other matters, seems to have been hotly debated between the Liberal candidate and his numerous questioners. When asked, "Are you in favour of nationalization?" the candidate parried with a counter-question, "What do you mean by nationalization?" Then Mr. Asquith went on to say that coal is an article of prime necessity, and until some new form of motive power is discovered we shall continue to be largely dependent upon it. He agreed with the miners' contention that there is abundant evidence that under existing conditions the coal mines as a whole are not worked to the best advantage or on the most economical lines. Then with characteristic precision he proceeded to pose the question of nationalization first in its economic, and then in its bureaucratic status.

If you mean by nationalization [he said] the acquisition by the State of mining rights and royalties, I agree with you. I think the case is made out. But if you mean that our mining industry is hereafter to be worked and managed under State supervision and control, I say, No. It would mean the installing of something much more mischievous than the present anomalous bureaucratic management and control. We have had, during the war and since, abundant and disastrous experience of bureaucratic influences in the details of management; and there is no industry in the world which more needs to be wisely conducted and handled, both from the point of view of production and, from what is perhaps more important still, the export trade, than coal.

Miners and consumers of coal in this country may take notice of this significant statement. It is perhaps not for outsiders to advise candidates upon questions of routine politics, but surely the time is come when a few

hecklers at our party-conventions might do a great deal to force economic questions of universal interest upon the attention of our spellbinders and campaign-managers; and foremost among these questions is that of natural-resource monopoly in general, and private monopoly of coal-bearing land in particular.

PERHAPS the most striking quality of American foreign policy is its thoroughgoing muddle-headedness; it is only by clinging steadfastly to a belief in the saving grace of official inconsistency that one may be rescued from the Slough of Despond when one attempts to follow its meanderings. But even with such help, it is hard to get through a report like the following, recently published in a morning paper:

The State Department has under serious consideration, with a favourable decision probable, proposing to the Supreme Council at Paris the withdrawal of wartime restrictions on trading between the United States and Allied countries, Soviet Russian territory included. Such a policy would enable American exporters to undertake trade relations with whom they please in Soviet Russia, even with the Soviet Government itself. But they must do so at their own risk. According to a Paris cable of later date, an American note running much to this effect has already reached the British, French and Italian Premiers; in this document the American Government undertakes to warn its nationals against the difficulties and dangers to which they will be exposed in Russia and at the same time to inform them that they can be given protection "only to a limited extent." If these pleasantries are indeed of Governmental manufacture, it is hard to account for the sudden discount put upon our genuine, home-grown, corn-fed, hundred-per-cent American variant of Palmerstonism.

SINCE the day when Mr. Wilson told the railwaymen that he would tell Mr. Palmer to tell the profiteers to stop profiteering, the Bureau of Labour Statistics has been very busy computing the rise in the cost of living. When the food prices for each month are compared with the prices for the preceding month, the prosperity-index is found to be fairly constant: October, two per cent; November, two per cent; December, two and six-tenths per cent; January, two per cent. With food costs in January, 1913, as a hundred-point base, prices of today stand just above the two-hundred mark; well past the boiling-point, one would say, in all conscience. It is a most naive assumption that this state of things could be bettered by the whole power of the Executive, even if the Executive really had a mind to exert it; the appeal to Mr. Wilson is absurd, and his entertainment of it was preposterously pretentious. Economic laws, being laws of nature, when violated, come back inexorably and exact their penalty; and when politicians are asked to cut in between economic cause and effect, they are invited to a most congenial opportunity for vicious meddling. The railwaymen have had a salutary lesson in the technique of looking out for their own economic interests.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

GERMAN MILITARISM AGAIN.

It is only a natural outworking of unenlightened prejudice, probably, that those who favour the ratification of the unworkable treaty should blame Senator Lodge for the attempt upon the Ebert Government, which has been engineered by the militarists of Prussia; they do not, however, give competent reasons for putting anywhere but where it belongs, the blame for an uprising which is a straight inevitable consequence of the military terms laid down by Foch many months before the Senate saw the treaty. No one need be particularly jealous for our Senators in this matter, but it is proper to protest against the absurdity of attempting to place the blame for what has taken place in Berlin upon any one but those who agreed to specific bases for the peace when the armistice was arranged, and afterwards flagrantly made a scrap of paper of that solemn covenant, the only one openly arrived at.

The *coup d'état* had been expected for a long time. It must have been obvious to any one that the Erzberger affair was enough to smash any government in Europe that would tolerate an order of corruption such as that of which he was guilty. To what extent the monarchists of Europe have assisted the Prussians of the old regime in jeopardizing the Ebert Government does not yet appear; but it is probable that they have had more to do with this affair than appears on the surface. In September last, "Pertinax," in an interesting article published in the *Echo de Paris*, gave a quiet and significant hint in referring to the move of the monarchists to place the Archduke Josef on the throne at Budapest. Pertinax is generally regarded in France as a semi-official mouthpiece of the Quai d'Orsay; and he cleverly set forth in his article the danger, to his mind, of thinking there is a real antithesis between Germanism and bolshevism. He said, "By the reactions that it provokes, bolshevism prepares the way for the return of Germanism. For our part, it has never been our opinion that our security should be looked for in a ruined and impotent Germany. In all countries, friendly or hostile, there is solidarity between the elements of social order and economic production." Now it must be fairly obvious to anybody who knows the sentiment of the gentlemen who are in charge of European diplomacy in London, Paris, and Rome, that they heartily desire such a social order as will to the best advantage maintain economic production under the existing system. That, in plain words, is what they are there for; and it really does not matter to them what the external mode or form of a government may be, so long as it acts as a satisfactory bulwark for the existing economic system. The imperialist and privileged constitutional monarchists of Great Britain are very happy to do business with the imperialist and privileged republicans of France.

*Indica tigris agit rabida tigride pacem
Parpetuum; saevis inter se convenit ursis.*

So long as there be economic solidarity, the name of the social order may be what is most convenient.

Ever since the armistice was arranged, there have been quite strongly organized movements working secretly in the courts and chancelleries of Europe, for the restoration and maintenance of many royal houses. It requires no great effort to remember how Lord Milner, just before the armistice, created a sensation by speaking in favour of the maintenance of the House of Hohenzollern. There is undoubtedly in Britain a very

strong undercurrent of feeling in court-circles in favour of the restoration of a German monarchy. It is also known that there is in Britain a kind of Russian court, held, of course, in secret. Only a man living in a fool's paradise would dream of believing for a moment that democratic or socialist republics are looked upon with favour by European statesmen and royalty. Only a man living in a fool's paradise would imagine that France would look with favour upon the rise of any truly democratic, socialist, or communist government anywhere in Europe. There is a royalty of finance in France which is inter-connected in a thousand ways with the political royalties of Europe; and, as was well known before this war began, the one set of royalties thrived upon the other. Political France is as tory in inclination as ever Britain was.

No one could have had any hopefulness about the competency of the Berlin Government for dealing with the terrible state of affairs created in Central Europe by the Paris Conference. We have seen, however, the German people in spite of their government's incapacity for checking corruption and other kindred ills, buckle to in the most heroic manner and shape some considerable industrial and commercial order out of the chaos of revolution and war. And now that the long expected counter-revolution has taken place one can easily see the hand of Kolchak's disappointed supporters at work. This movement bears the hall-mark which was impressed upon the Denikin, Kolchak, Yudenitch and Company's interventionist movement in and about Russia. One may indeed boldly ask whether Mr. Winston Churchill and his friends had anything to do with the visit of certain military gentlemen of the old Prussian order who came to London a few weeks ago; and whether their visit had any relation to the events which took place in Berlin on Saturday week. It takes no great literary skill to detect the extraordinary similarity between the proclamations of the old New Yorker Dr. Kapp, and of Major-General Baron von Lüttwitz, and those issued by the interventionists Kolchak and Denikin.

The only competent statement of what has taken place, disclosing also the real reason for the attempts on Ebert and Noske, is contained in an article sent to the *New York Times* by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. He puts the thing in a nutshell when he says, "The long delay in coming to a settlement with the Entente, a steady exhaustion of stocks of material of all kinds and the impossibility of replacing them with the mark at a penny or less, and the growing difficulty of obtaining the ordinary necessities of life as the proceeds of the last harvest are used up, have been for months past added to the count against the Ebert Administration, caused it to lose the confidence of the German people and made them look more and more to the Right for help. Then came the crowning folly of the Entente in demanding the surrender of almost all the leading men of the country, including some popular idols; a folly which made the task of the reactionaries far easier than they could have hoped."

To the everlasting credit of Mr. Hoover, whether one regard him otherwise with favour or disfavour, it may be remembered how, last September, he regarded the move to put the Archduke Josef in power at Budapest. The appeal he made at that time was as follows:

For the United States Government to sit by simply and let the Hapsburg representative return to power in Budapest, is beyond the endurance of any red-blooded American. I don't stand for bolsheviks any more than Hapsburgs, but we don't need to stand for either one, if we could apply any direct action in these crises. If this thing is allowed in Budapest it is only a matter of a short time when it comes back to

Vienna, and then to Berlin. A hundred million Americans came into this war to destroy a system which was personified by two families—the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. We fought the war in vain, if they are permitted to come back. A month hence it will cost bloodshed and human lives to remove Josef, within five days I believe Josef will get out if he is told fairly and squarely that he must.

The outcome of this movement in Germany is by no means as important to Americans as a knowledge of how it originated and of the influences behind it. The Socialists of Germany, however, should have had the lesson quite well burned into them that until socialism divorces itself absolutely from imperialism, it can not possibly function. They have seen that the Socialist-imperialist, the follower of Bebel, and the inheritor of his spirit, is about the most ruinous liability that the body politic can carry; and any sincere well-wisher may earnestly hope that the German people may be forever done experimenting with him and his kind. Socialism, *per se*, may work and may not; there are permissible differences of opinion about that. But the Socialists themselves are now witness that Socialist-imperialism is monstrously impracticable and impossible.

RADICAL ACTIVITY.

THE Allies' new plan of destroying bolshevism by trade, if Mr. Lloyd George's account of its details is to be trusted, is the most radical, the most really revolutionary scheme imaginable. It ran the gauntlet of the press without challenge on the ground of its revolutionary character, and the committees of investigation and other self-appointed guardians of our liberties likewise had nothing to say about it; which is the clearest possible evidence that none of these know radicalism when they see it or can recognize a really revolutionary tendency when they meet it in the middle of the king's highway.

The situation is worth a brief review. Fear, which is responsible for many of the worst blunders and stupidities that human beings commit, has been the mainspring of the Allies' behaviour towards Russia, ever since the November revolution. Men in a panic cannot be cool-headed; and the frightened Allies have not shown cool heads, have not indeed shown that they have any heads at all, in their dealings with Russia. They flew at the Soviet Government in an unreasoning frenzy, while their agents busily disseminated the most extraordinary calumny and falsehood with intent to prejudice the mind of the whole world. It has been a faithful replica of 1789, when all the collective wisdom, virtue and disinterestedness of civilization was set against the "viper brood of canting egotists" in France. All this was done out of sheer fear; any notion that it was done out of the widely-advertised motive of heroic and disinterested resistance to a "criminal dictatorship" is simon-pure nonsense. No political government on the face of the earth was ever known, or will ever be known, to boggle at any kind of dictatorship, criminal or otherwise, that will promote its own interests or associated interests. There is no use employing any false delicacy about this fact; the evidence for it throughout history is too clear and continuous. The Allies were not so squeamish about criminal dictatorship but that they could hobnob on the happiest kind of terms with the dictatorship of the Tsar for years and years, traffic and dicker with its diplomats, like Sazonov and Isvolsky, and finally make common cause with it on the battlefield. After the testimony of the pre-war diplomatic exchanges, recently

brought to light, it would seem that the less any political government has to say about criminality or dictatorships, and the less it indulges in tall talk of this order generally, the better chance it has of commanding itself to the plain man's notion of common decency.

But why should the Allies fear the Soviet Government at such a rate? Because political government, whether monarchical or republican, or under whatever external form or mode, exists primarily for the maintenance of privilege; if the integrity of privilege is impaired, its vitality is impaired; if privilege disappears, it disappears too, and is superseded by a purely administrative and non-political government, loose, decentralized and of very few and simple functions: and the Russian experiment is, by its original intention and nature, an experiment in the abolition of privilege. The Allies would have made no bones about welcoming a regime like Kerensky's or Prince Lvov's, because these were of a purely political character and left privilege intact. Natural-resource monopoly, concessions, tariffs, franchises, and like forms of purely law-made property as distinguished from labour-made property, would hold their status. But under the Soviet Constitution, all rights in law-made property were abated; the principle of privilege was disallowed; and this, naturally, in the eye of political government, whose primary function is to maintain the integrity of privilege, was a misdemeanour of evil example. It is not to the point to try to show that this original intention has or has not been strictly and uniformly carried out. It is beside the mark to try to say how far, or with what prospect of permanence, it has been compromised, or whether it has been compromised at all. The point is that the issue was, for the first time in the world's history, drawn on the grand scale. The principle of privilege has been clearly discerned and as clearly repudiated and definitely condemned, by the spirit of a great nation. The Soviet Government has challenged the world upon it and made it the issue between the new Russia and the political governments about her. It is here, in regard of this issue and this only, that the self-preserving instinct of political government saw the existence of the new Russia as a capital danger.

Military operations against the Soviet Government, however, accomplished nothing for the Allies' purposes; the blockade accomplished nothing; the industrious fomentation of internal factional strife accomplished nothing. The Soviet Government still holds on, maintains its uncompromising attitude, and is apparently consolidating itself into permanence. This seems to be the unpalatable truth. Meanwhile, the economics of the world are not in shape to carry on the struggle; there is nowhere any more money to waste in military enterprises. Meanwhile, too, such excellent chances for trade are going by the board that the pressure of commercial interests upon the several Governments has become too strong for comfort; and accordingly, trade with Russia has been resumed.

But not through the Soviet Government; that would be an unholy compromise with radicalism. Trade, it was announced last December, will be carried on through the great Russian co-operative societies, which have attained an enormous development in organization, numbers and scope. But this is precisely as revolutionary a policy as recognizing the Soviet Government, perhaps more so. Free co-operation is the very essence of radicalism; and one who is aware of this might properly suggest to Mr. Mitchell Palmer that he would far better serve the ends of his Government

if he paid less attention to the *opera-buffa* kind of thing that he thinks, or thinks he thinks, is radicalism, and a great deal more to the remarkable but little-noticed growth of the co-operative tendency in this country. Bombs, red flags, and superheated invective are not the way of radicalism, but of mere silliness. They carry no danger to political government, but rather tend to intrench it. Free co-operation, however, is distinctly the way of radicalism, and it well-nigh carries the fate of political government in the hollow of its hand. Its exercise is a continuous and practical demonstration of the community's actual independence of government, and powerfully fosters the idea that political government is merely an extremely expensive drawback and nuisance. It stands to reason; the more largely people learn, as in Russia they have learned, that through free co-operation they can quite satisfactorily do their own buying, selling, transportation, banking, arbitration (some co-operative concerns in this country already maintain their own systems of arbitration, for the express purpose of keeping out of the courts) and every other activity that is essential to their prosperity and happiness, without the Government's counting particularly one way or the other, are they not led by the logic of practice to inquire what, then, political government is really for? This is highly dangerous; whatever communal practices suggest this question, should be discouraged. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Palmer can find out from that quite accessible source of information, "The Encyclopædia Britannica," that it was the associations of mediæval merchants, like the Hansa, that actually sapped and mined the foundations of the feudal system; and they may be assured that free co-operation, into which people are everywhere being increasingly driven by the voracity of privilege, is at present probably the most powerful factor in the undermining of the system of privilege, and hence, of political government.

So, the Allies seem to have done themselves a very bad turn by this distinct encouragement of the most radical tendency in the world. They assure us that the Russian co-operatives are quite independent of the Soviets, and can be traded with over the heads of the Soviets. Were it so, might not this free and easy trading over the heads of the Soviets tend to make the English, and even possibly the American, co-operatives begin to wonder whether, after all, the world would come quite to an end if they could be traded with over the heads of Westminster and Washington? Might it not make them incline with a disquieting earnestness towards Thoreau's dictum, that political government never yet furthered any beneficent enterprise, except by whatever alacrity it showed in getting out of its way? There seems little doubt of it.

LAND AND PRODUCTION.

It is interesting to learn from the Middle West that there are two kinds of land-hoarders. One is the retired farmer who places a tenant in charge, the other is the city-man who buys farm-land for speculation. These absentee landlords, we are told by Prof. H. A. Hollister, are mainly responsible for creating tenant-families who move from place to place because they own neither farm nor land. This is a distressing condition of affairs in a country where only about a fourth of the total area of land is improved; where there are still 1,500,000,000 acres waiting for the hand of the farmer. Perhaps the land-hoarder is also responsible for the conditions which prevailed before the war, when we lost tens of thousands of our best

farmers who went across the north-west border into Canada, there to enjoy greater economic benefits in agriculture than we can offer. About the years 1910-12 there was an uncommonly large exodus, and Canada's gain was our loss. Moreover, the stream of emigration to Canada apparently did not stop with the war, for the Dominion Government reports that 71,314 persons entered from the United States in 1917-18; and one has only to glance at the production-figures of the four north-western Provinces of the Dominion to understand just what this means. If our farmers are leaving the States to better themselves in Canada, it is time someone inquired why; and also inquired pretty pointedly why this country does not offer as good economic conditions as are to be found across the border. The increase of population, in the decade 1901-11, in the four north-western Provinces is conspicuous and suggestive.

Provinces	Area (sq. miles)	Population	
		Census, 1901	Census, 1911
Alberta	255,285	73,022	374,663
British Columbia..	355,855	178,657	392,480
Manitoba	251,832	255,211	455,614
Saskatchewan	251,700	91,279	492,432

By way of supplementing these figures, one finds that for the years 1910-14 the stream of emigration to Canada from the United Kingdom amounted to 614,088 persons, from the United States 605,498, and from other countries 441,839; while during the period of the European war, that is, from 1915 to 1918, nearly a quarter of a million of our people went into Canada. It is by comparing the exodus from the United States with that from Great Britain, and other foreign countries, that we are able to get an adequate idea of what the emigration from this country really amounts to.

There must be some very good reason why our agriculturists thus prefer to till the soil of the Dominion. Prof. Hollister brings the land-hoarder into notice, but the land-hoarder can not take all the responsibility, bad as he is. The land-hoarder or, as he is called in England, the land-loafer, is an abomination to the eye of sound economics and a stench in its nostrils; but the fact of his producing and holding in virtual peonage a subservient tenantry, does not quite explain the persistent preference of our working farmers for what is after all a sparsely settled country, much further removed from the great market-centers of the world than we are. Whatever advantage there may be in the greater fertility of certain areas of virgin land in Canada, must be measurably offset by disadvantages in transportation, climate, and culture to be encountered there. The case of the land-hoarder is black enough, certainly, in all conscience. The petty speculator, such as the retired farmer and the city-man who buys farm-land for a rise in values, seems almost insignificant when one thinks of the vast areas of land in this country that are monopolized by corporations whose interests are really inimical to the development of agriculture. What agricultural interest have the great corporations who monopolize the oil, coal, ore, quarries, virgin lumber, water-power, and other natural resources of our country? When one thinks, too, of the vast areas of arable land under corporate control that are withheld from production solely for the purpose of raising prices, one might perhaps not much wonder that progressive farmers should prefer to work out their economic destiny where there seems some better prospect of curbing the power of the land-hoarder, large and small, corporate and individual. Still, the vacant public lands in the United States, according

to the figures revised officially to July 1, 1919, disclose a surveyed acreage of 138,788,684, very nearly twice the area of the whole of the British Isles, where the population amounts to over 45,000,000. It seems hardly fair to say that the land-hoarder, the land-loafer, is wholly responsible for the preference shown by thousands of our best farmers, in going over to the Dominion instead of taking up some of this unoccupied land.

Much of this land is doubtless poor by comparison, and there may be other good reasons for emigration; but there is certainly one excellent reason, a particularly practical and attractive reason, yes, a compelling reason—namely, this: the Governments of the four north-western Provinces levy no taxation upon farms. The farmer gets the full benefit of his improvements. He takes the virgin land and puts a farm upon it, and the Government encourages him to make it as fine a farm as his skill knows how, by levying no tax-penalty upon his labour. This is the attraction. And now in Ontario, where a most extraordinary political overturn recently took place, Premier Drury is determined that his Government will benefit by the experience of the sister Provinces. He has announced a policy of war on the land-speculator, and says:

A measure that would give local option to municipalities in assessing property, I believe would be a good thing. It would allow the municipality to tax the land-value, not the improvements. . . If we do that, we make it difficult for the land-speculator to hold back the whole community for his personal benefit.

If the Government of Ontario can carry out the policy of Premier Drury—there is no reason to doubt its power to do so, for those who support the policy, the farmers, Liberals, and Labour, are in a big majority—we shall have for a neighbour another Canadian Province which will be a powerful lode-stone pulling upon our farmers in the Eastern States, as the Western Provinces are pulling upon our farmers in the West and Middle West.

Turning to Great Britain to learn what suggestion is made by her politicians to stem the flow of emigration, we find Mr. Asquith at the Paisley by-election stating that his first financial proposal is to "levy taxes and rights upon the unimproved value of land." This proposal has a significance that can not be ignored, for it means that Mr. Asquith has seen in the temper of his countrymen a cogent reason for adopting this principle of taxation; if indeed, he be not convinced that only by adopting this principle will Great Britain be enabled to meet her domestic and foreign obligations. The United States, however, remain in the darkness of economic heresy; and it is noteworthy as it is shameful that in this year of a Presidential election, there is not one candidate of any prominence now before the public, who has shown the faintest trace of intelligence in the face of this or any other phase of the country's problem of production. They have not shown it, obviously, because they have not got it. But we may be sure that no mere knack of vote-catching will ever suffice to keep the farmers who still remain within our borders.

The political parties this year will draw every red herring they can get their hands on, across the trail of a real issue. Prohibition, the peace treaty, Americanism, preparedness—anything will do, provided no question of fundamental economics gets its head out of the bag, and privilege remains unimpaired. But meanwhile the operation of economic laws goes on inexorably, and the economic vigour of the country is drained and devitalized.

REPUDIATION VERSUS REVOLUTION.

THE exchequers of the Allied countries are, putting it mildly, in a rather sickly way. To brace them up and get them on their feet again, two heroic remedies have been proposed. These are repudiation, by whatever suphemism one may be pleased to rechristen it, and forced loans. Recourse to either may possibly solve certain immediate fiscal difficulties; but the indirect and final results of such operations will certainly be more important than any immediate effect that may be obtained. On this account, a resolute consideration of finalities is by all odds more profitable than any computation of quick returns in pounds, francs or lire.

Outstanding governmental securities represent the right of the possessors of these securities to draw certain returns at regular intervals, and finally to claim repayment of the total amount named in the bond. Now, whatever may be the generally accepted opinion as to the earning capacity of capital, it cannot possibly be held that the money invested in these governmental securities is either earning its interest or providing a reserve for the funding of the original loan. The price of the bond may have been invested by the purchaser, but the proceeds were spent by the government, and the goods thus purchased are for the most part not of a kind that can be put to any productive use, and have been, indeed, in great part, already destroyed. Consequently these governmental bonds do not, like industrial securities, represent so many shares in the ownership of a plant, with a proportionate claim upon its profits. Rather they represent the right of part of the people—the bondholders—to take from materials yet to be produced, and services yet to be rendered, by all the people, goods to the value of the securities. Paper can be redeemed only by the production of wealth, for under our economic system, paper must be regarded as a lien upon product. These governmental bonds, then, constitute a claim to non-existent goods, in the creation of which the money paid for the bonds will have no part. In plain words, the industrial efforts of several generations have been first-mortgaged to meet the cost of the European War.

Money conscripted by forced loans must be used either to buy up securities issued at an earlier date, and thus to transfer the private right to public product from one owner to another; or to pay interest, in which case the country will begin immediately to pay interest on interest; or, finally, to cover current governmental expenditures, thereby causing the funds to evaporate in the form of economically non-productive services, like those of most officials, or economically useless goods, like battleships. When capital derived from forced loans is dribbled out for interest and current expenses, the total power of the security-holders to command goods and services produced by the whole public is thereby still further increased.

Now it is a well known fact that many people who are orthodox in their theory of interest, who conscientiously approve the payment of returns upon invested capital, are nevertheless exceedingly restless under the burden of taxation levied to pay off governmental loans; and as a matter of course all persons disposed towards socialism are extremely resentful of this process. The heavier the burden of the public debt, the more intense the resentment felt against government as an institution which collects from all and gives to a few; the more clearly political government is perceived to be primarily, as Voltaire said, an agency for taking money away from some and giving it to others. It has been urged, however, that this prog-

resive enlightenment as to the essential nature of political government is rendered ineffectual by the loyal support which the security-holders themselves give to their collecting agency. Doubtless this was true in the day of political revolutions, but to-day most of the people who are well enough off to be bound to the government by their holdings in public securities are bound to it anyhow by their interest in the preservation of the whole system of privilege against a revolution that threatens its entire structure; and anyone with half an eye can see how at the present moment this interest is heightened by fear.

If the privileged class, then, does not need to be bound to the government by security-holdings, no more can it be alienated by the repudiation of these holdings. Repudiation all round would greatly retard the hateful revelation of political government as the purveyor of privilege, and permit the most valuable and lucrative forms of privilege, such as tariffs, concessions, natural-resource monopoly and franchises, a much longer lease of life. The holders of privilege would still support the government, and the government, for its part, would be less in need of their support. Hence it may quite reasonably be urged that of a choice between two evils, forced loans will tend powerfully to promote an unwholesome and dangerous knowledge, while repudiation, on the other hand, is a palliative and soothing and ignorance-conserving measure well calculated to prolong the life of privilege, and hence of those political and economic institutions that exist for the sake of maintaining the integrity of privilege.

ITALY ADVISES ALBANY.

THE Premier of Italy and the Assembly of the State of New York have recently exchanged views upon the subject of Socialist participation in politics, and upon the kindred subject of revolution. Although it may be too much to expect that a king's chief minister and the legislators of a democracy can be wholly at one on these important matters, the observations of the two representative parties are not without interest.

The Premier, of course, did not realize the precise application his words would have on this side of the Atlantic. But even if he had addressed his statements directly to the Assembly, instead of spreading them broadcast through the world in a published interview, it is unlikely that his meaning could have been fathomed by the collective mind of the New York Legislature. The gentlemen in Albany would certainly have found the following passage from the interviewer's report particularly obscure:

Alluding to the success of a large number of Socialist deputies in the last Italian election, Signor Nitti said that the result was not disadvantageous to the country, because the present Parliament "is representative of all political currents in Italy, and that is the best safeguard against revolution."

On the day that this statement was made, New York's democracy issued a reply. The speaker this time is Martin Conboy, counsel for the prosecution in the trial of the five Socialist Assemblymen who have been denied the right to sit in the New York Legislature. Arguing for the final exclusion of these elected representatives from the Assembly, Mr. Conboy said:

The members of the Socialist party in America are not occasional but perpetual traitors, in constant conflict not merely with the purposes of any temporary administration of the affairs of this government but with its very institutions and fundamental laws. The Socialist party is an

organization for the purpose of accomplishing the overthrow of the United States by any available means, . . . and the establishment of a Socialist commonwealth.

Thus it is evident that while both the Premier of Italy and the Prosecutor of New York live in dread of the coming of revolution, they unhappily disagree as to what is best in the way of prophylactic measures. Perhaps this disagreement is due to the fact that the difficulties which face Signor Nitti are qualitatively different from those which disturb Mr. Conboy. Italian Socialism owes its origin, not to Marx, but to Bakunin. The anarchist inheritance—never quite eliminated—accounts in a measure for the extremist tendencies exhibited at Bologna last autumn. Here the Socialist Congress voted to institute "the Italian Soviet"—an organization confessedly devoted to insurrection as a means, and revolution as an immediate end. The question of participation in the autumn elections was hotly debated by the Congress, and the "societists," who favoured participation in this particular instance, finally won a victory over the abstentionists and the traditional parliamentarians. With the history of this Red convention as a campaign document, the Italian Socialists plunged into the campaign and returned 156 members to the Chamber of Deputies, where they still sit as participants in the activities of the Government they hope to overthrow. American Socialism, on the other hand, does not look upon political action merely as a temporary expedient; historically the party in the United States has been so thoroughly Marxian and so thoroughly political that direct actionists like the Industrial Worker of the World, and advocates of both direct and political action like the members of the Communist party, have not hitherto found a place for themselves in the fellowship of the orthodox.

However something has happened lately that threatens a change of temper; the membership of the Socialist party has rejected, by a referendum vote, the report on international relations approved by the last Socialist national convention, and has adopted in its place a resolution emphatically endorsing Lenin's Third International. Although this vote gives evidence that American Socialists of the rank and file are becoming somewhat impatient with parliamentary institutions, the attitude of the official organization continues to be much more distinctly political than that of the Italian party. And this contrast in attitudes is by no means so striking as the contrast in achievements. The Italians, distrustful as they are of parliaments, control more than one-fourth of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The Americans, with their high faith in political methods, have succeeded in electing the same Socialist several times over to the national Congress, lately with the assurance that he will be turned round and marched home again as soon as he reaches Washington, if he is lucky enough to escape being sent to prison meanwhile. As for the New York Assembly, its five Socialist members are not even allowed to enter the hall in which that democratic body holds its meetings.

All things considered, it is safe to say that the Premier and the Prosecutor hold directly opposite beliefs as to the psychological effect of repression. Signor Nitti is convinced that the denial of political rights would place the entire strength of Italian Socialism immediately at the service of violent revolution. Mr. Conboy, on the other hand, seems to think that if our docile and politically-minded Marxians are deprived of the means of parliamentary action, they will go quietly home and become good Democrats or

Republicans. The Italians, it seems, have accepted voting in lieu of violence, at least for the time being. Whether the Americans will accept disfranchisement with equally good grace is a matter yet to be determined. The American vote of confidence in the Moscow International seems to indicate a certain restlessness. Perhaps the American way is best; perhaps a hundred-per-cent-American would gain little by importing the notions of the Italian Premier. Time and experiment alone, perhaps, will resolve the question. Believers in the American way will note with gratification, however, the difference in tone between Mr. Conboy's utterances and Signor Nitti's, and be greatly reassured by Mr. Conboy's accent of uncompromising and vindictive finality.

PURPLE ROBES FOR RED.

PRESIDENT WILSON's reply to Salvador's request for a definition of the Monroe Doctrine affects the quantity rather than the quality of the literature on this subject. If the Salvadorians, and the other denizens of Latin America, will study the new document with great care they will perhaps discover that it does not define anything. Definition means limitation—and there seems to be no good reason why our State Department should take the trouble at this late day to cut down a garment that has covered so many large and angular activities of our diplomatic past. But, although the mantle is as ample to-day as it ever was, there is no doubt that, chameleon-like, it is undergoing a change of colour: revolutionary red to begin with, in these modern days it takes on more and more the shade of imperial purple.

When the Monrovian *credo* was first promulgated, the Latin American states were politically more advanced than the Powers grouped in the Holy Alliance. President Monroe's manifesto had for its object the prevention of European interference with this precocious development of republicanism in the Western Hemisphere. In that day it was the Holy Alliance that claimed unlimited powers, and it was the United States Government that undertook a partial definition of these powers in so far as they might touch the interests of the American continents. A century has reset the scene. With the menace of European intervention diminished almost to the vanishing point, the United States now occupy in the Americas much the same position of dominance as was once held by the Holy Alliance with respect to the whole Western world. Hence our State Department at Washington takes advantage of the situation to make it clear that the doctrine which was framed as a definition of somebody else's power has now become an assertion of our own.

This much may be gathered from a recent sketchy press dispatch dealing with the President's reply to Salvador. The text of the reply has not been published—for reasons perhaps best known in official quarters. In his report on the affair, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* feels obliged to lead off with "it-is-understood" when he says that "the United States Government does not feel that any further definition of the Doctrine is now necessary." The State Department note does, however, invite the attention of Salvador to the remarks on the Monroe Doctrine contained in President Wilson's address to the Pan-American Scientific Congress of 1916, thereby implying that these remarks contain the last authoritative word upon the matter in hand.

Since it is the evident intention of the Administra-

tion to give this speech something of the force of a diplomatic commitment, certain of its passages may with profit be beckoned back from limbo. It is notable that the early sentences of one of these paragraphs smack more of the bullying Roosevelt than of the persuasive Wilson; there is indeed enough imperialism compressed into these few phrases to frighten any good Latin American quite out of his wits:

The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It always has been maintained, and always will be maintained, upon her own responsibility. But the Monroe Doctrine demanded merely that European Governments should not attempt to extend their political systems to this side of the Atlantic. It did not disclose the use which the United States intended to make of her power on this side of the Atlantic. It was a hand held up in warning, but there was no promise in it of what America was going to do with the partial protectorate which she apparently was trying to set up on this side of the water; . . . it has been fears and suspicions on this score which have hitherto prevented the greater intimacy and confidence and trust between the Americas. The States of America have not been certain what the United States would do with her power. That doubt must be removed.

Having thus acknowledged—and augmented by his own language—the fears of his Latin American auditors, the President proceeded to suggest a method for allaying these fears:

America will come into her 'legitimate own' in the first place by the States of America uniting in guaranteeing to each other absolutely political independence and territorial integrity. In the second place, and as a necessary corollary to that, guaranteeing the agreement to settle all pending boundary disputes as soon as possible and by amicable process; by agreeing that all disputes among themselves, should they unhappily arise, will be handled by patient, impartial investigation, and settled by arbitration; and the agreement necessary to the peace of the Americas that no State of either continent will permit revolutionary expeditions against another State to be fitted out on its territory, and that they will prohibit the exportation of the munitions of war for the purpose of supplying revolutionists against neighbouring governments.

When this address was delivered, the counter-revolutionary provisions referred to were already covered by international law; our recent proposals to certain South American countries in regard to the apprehension of agitators and the suppression of Red propaganda make it clear that we purpose a further development of co-operative repression. The guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity, and the general arbitration provision have been embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations. If the doubts and fears of Latin America still persist, it is because neither in international law, nor in the speech of 1916, nor in the Covenant of the League to which Salvador has just subscribed, nor in the new note, nor anywhere else under the sun is the Monroe Doctrine, in all its might and majesty, fully defined. If in 1916 the President had proposed to hand over the definition and enforcement of the Doctrine to the proposed Society of American States, one might place a higher valuation upon his hesitancy in accepting the "territorial understandings" reservation in the Covenant. But his declaration of four years ago, his acceptance of the reservation in the Covenant, and his present belief that the Monroe Doctrine requires no defining, are pretty much a piece of one policy. The use of a speech with an implied reservation as an argument for the acceptance of the Covenant with its specific reservation, may serve to quiet Latin "minds and hearts," now much disturbed by this policy. But so desirable an end has seldom been served by such unlikely means.

A DEAR MEMORY.

THE revival of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan seems to have passed without reminiscent mention of the greatest Wagnerian conductor of his time, Anton Seidl. Perhaps it is natural; the memory of a generation is short at its longest; but though it is twenty-one years, to the month, since he came to his untimely end in New York City, I feel somehow that but yesterday I last met him on his way to Fleischmann's old café, by Grace Church. Seidl's association with "Parsifal" was very close, for he was with Wagner in the days when the great work was composed, and knew the work as Wagner wished it to be known.

The night he received the cable-message from Cosima Wagner asking him to return to Bayreuth and conduct the festival performances of "Parsifal," he was happy with the eager delight of boyhood. He received the message the day he was entertained by the Lotus Club. It was a great night, particularly memorable for the distinguished company of famous visiting musicians. I was then playing in "Secret Service," at the Garrick Theatre; and, the night after the Lotus Club gathered, Seidl came around to my dressing-room and asked me if I would go with him to Bayreuth. I gladly accepted, though I could not for the life of me imagine how I could undertake the journey. Later on, Seidl was engaged by the Royal Opera syndicate at Covent Garden to conduct the Wagnerian performances to be given in the early part of the season. Then followed a period of anxious waiting on my part until Frohman arranged to send the "Secret Service" company to play at the Adelphi Theatre, London. I regarded this decision as an amazing piece of luck, for it meant I should be 3,000 miles nearer Bayreuth. Seidl reached London before I did, and he was rehearsing at Covent Garden when I appeared on the scene. Many happy days we spent together, dining at Romano's, the Café Royal, and the Continental, where Seidl had rooms. "Hair" Seidl, as *Punch* called him, was exceedingly popular with Covent Garden audiences, and was soon known to the passers-by in London streets. He was, however, much too simple-hearted to fall a victim to the social wiles of the upper ten, who would have lionized him without mercy. He said, "They are very good and kind, and some like the music, but I think I prefer their dogs and their horses." Disraeli would have loved that sentence, and no less the quiet tolerance of Seidl when he said it. In after years, when I was stage-director of the Royal Opera, one of the real music-lovers of the syndicate told me he had never heard anything in opera like Seidl's reading of "Tristan und Isolde" and "Walküre." The men in the orchestra often spoke to me about him, and they marvelled at his power.

When I reached Bayreuth he was at the station to meet me; and in driving down to Graben where he lodged, he explained with that delightfully humorous smile flickering about his sensitive mouth, that Cosima had asked him to stay at Wahrfried, but "I told her I would like to be quiet." So he took rooms over a tannery, at the edge of a little canal, where he had strolled many a time during his apprenticeship with Wagner. I shall never forget the first few days in that homely abode; the smell of the tannery was sometimes enough to drive one mad. But the simplicity of life, the charm of the tanner and his family—for Seidl knew how to pick his associates for their human qualities—their kindness and thrifty neatness, were delightful. We had two beds in one large room at the back of the house, and many a night we lay awake for hours talking through the darkness to each other. One very warm day, I remember, we were in our shirt-sleeves and free of collars and ties, when the King of Würtemberg came to call on Seidl. As soon as he was announced, I bolted into the bedroom. When I returned, presentably clothed, Seidl and the King were sitting together on the old sofa chatting intimately about Wagner, Liszt, and America.

The first rehearsal of the orchestra is unique in my memory of such events, for Cosima, *en suite*, sat up on the apron of the stage in something like royal state. Before Seidl had gone very far with the prelude, Cosima tapped with her parasol and murmured something about the rendition being rather strange to her. Seidl gave her a reproving glance which rather shocked her *suite*, and said, "If you will wait, you will know." And she did wait, and she knew—when the orchestra rose to its feet at the end of the prelude and applauded enthusiastically. There was nothing but praise after that incident. The effect of the performance upon some of the people was extraordinary; I can see Emma Calvé being led away after the third act, completely overwrought. Even George Moore, usually placid and self-

contained, was so strangely moved that an hour or two afterwards, at Beierlein's café, he trembled with emotion. And poor Felix Mottl, not by any means given to rendering praise when due, was deeply affected; some years afterwards, when he came to Covent Garden, he told me that it was one of the greatest musical events of his life. But what a company assembled that year at Bayreuth! Can it be really so long ago—so long ago since Seidl, Ernst Van Dyk, and I, in that slow-moving carriage, were drawn up the hill past Jean Paul Richter's cottage, to Fantasie? How impatient Van Dyk, perhaps the greatest Parsifal of all, was with the coachman, and his lazy horses; Seidl the while chaffing him about the speed of American trotters! They spoke English—broken—out of courtesy to me. How Seidl roared with laughter when Van Dyk jumped up, shaking his fist at the back of the coachman, and cried, "I have horses in Vienna that can stand quicker than yours can walk." Then at Fantasie we met as cosmopolitan a crowd as there was to be found anywhere attending any festival in any part of the world. There were Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales; German royalty, Russian royalty, Italian royalty; French princes and dukes; indeed, the baronage of Europe generally, seemed pretty well represented; but, more important, the intellectual commoners of both hemispheres, the servants of literature, art and music, were there.

One day Seidl got Kranich, the chief machinist of the Wagner Theatre, to show us the workings of the wonderful stage, on a day when no opera was given. That evening we were alone and enjoyed our meal under the trees in the garden of a café set on a hill overlooking the town. And Seidl told me, in the quiet of the dusk, that wonderful story of his association with Wagner. I think it was our last night together. The next day I returned to London with the thought in my mind that he would return early in the spring to resume his work at Covent Garden. Alas, for music here, in England, everywhere, he did not return. He passed away suddenly. And those who had enjoyed his genius at the Metropolitan and Carnegie Hall learned on the day of his funeral, that his memory was enshrined in the hearts of the common folk of New York. *Si quis piorum manibus locus . . . placide quiescas!*

F. N.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

SIRS:—As a voracious reader of six London weeklies I am happy to see in the first number of the *Freeman* a bland mixture of the best elements in each of them. If your critics should urge that the product is not American—as I myself felt at the first perusal—I can fancy your meeting the objection with an urbane "What of it?" No one who recollects the keen intellectual satisfaction derived from reading the British weeklies will be tempted to carry the argument any farther. Your typography and your spelling are in a sense as intimate as your taste in tobacco and cravats, and matters of this kind are obviously either above controversy or below notice. Your opinions are plainly more important than your appearance, and it is because they are not yet so patent that I seize upon one of them and beg for a more ample exposition. In a happy editorial paragraph on your first past you note that

A peaceful revolution is still possible and practicable, and such is the eager hope of enlightened minds. The aristocratic state has passed; the middle class state is passing, after a much shorter lease of life. The next step, logically, is the proletarian state, whose tenure may be even shorter before the idea of the state is wholly and finally superseded by the idea of Society.

Obviously, behind these brief generalizations a whole sociology lies, and I can conceive of your performing no better service during the next few years than by slowly building up, clarifying, limiting, and relating the ideas of social development that are therein implied. We have a definite picture of the world of States, marked largely by class domination within and national exploitation without. If we are to escape from this world we must be able to grasp, at least in outline, the characteristics of a world of societies, both in its local, regional,

and planetary aspects. I note that you capitalize the initial letter of the word Society and use the word abstractly, and I wonder whether that is due to editorial brevity or political obscurity? Here, at any rate, is a broad field for discussion and criticism and construction. To cultivate it should, I think, be one of the main lines of long-term effort for the *Freeman* to work along. I am, etc.,

LEWIS MUMFORD.

New York City.

VERSAILLES AND VIENNA—ANOTHER COMPARISON.

SIRS:—Permit me to thank you for giving us Mr. Bullitt's admirable commentary on Mr. Keynes' book. Apropos the effective comparison Mr. Bullitt makes between the peacemakers of Paris and those who plotted at the Congress of Vienna more than a century ago, if occurs to me that your readers may be interested in the point of view of a correspondent of mine—a good European, Lord Morley would call him.

Has it ever occurred to you [he writes in a recent letter] that the men who have made the Peace of Versailles are much more narrow than even those who made the Peace of Vienna? The earlier peace was made by men who were aristocrats, and had some knowledge of foreign countries. They had at least made their grand tour of Europe, and generally they were related by blood to families in other lands. The men who made the Peace of Versailles for the most part were of a commercial character, successful because of 'low scrupulosity.' For my part I believe that the ideal may be attained by the good will of the common people of all nations and by the force of economic circumstance. It will certainly not be effected by our very bourgeois leaders.

This difference in qualification has never been put clearly before the American people, and it is one that should be regarded. One does not employ a grocer to do surgery or dentistry or to teach school. *Ne sutor supra crepidam.* I am, etc.

F. G. W.

IN ENGLAND, NOW.

SIRS:—Economic forces generally operate more slowly than one anticipates, but this year, I feel sure, will be a determining one—here in England at any rate. There is such a spirit of unrest amongst the masses, such a fierce resentment growing in the great consuming centres against the soaring prices, and such a wave of disillusion spreading over the land that at any time an upheaval may take place. It will probably be provoked by some unexpected incident. I think that the ex-service men will see that the enemy does not escape by way of the politicians.

The National Union of Ex-Service Men has started a great campaign for land restoration and for back pay from the Land Rent Fund. They are just now organizing great demonstrations throughout the country with the support of the local branches of the Labour party. The men at the head of the movement place land restoration first, and if a Labour Government comes in and does not toe the line, I guarantee that they will smash it, and deal with the House of Commons in Cromwellian style. From the beginning of the war my hope has been to see the militarists smashed by the ex-soldiery.

The sands are running out pretty fast now for the Coalition and all it stands for. The latest endeavour to distract public attention from domestic matters is the demand for the surrender of the German leaders. The French militarists, led by Foch, have never got over being prevented by the armistice from invading Germany—hence the new move. Millerand, I am told, is worse than Clemenceau. Well, all the sooner will France and this country bring bankruptcy upon themselves and industrial chaos—"Whom the Gods . . . !" I am, etc.

R. L. OUTHWAITE.

London, England, 16 February, 1920.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND THE NOVEL.

I.

If the opinion of the reviewer represents in any degree the opinion of the public, psycho-analysis is becoming at once the craze and the curse of the modern novelist. The chief persons of the story, we gather, are no longer units, recognizable illustrations of acceptable and well-defined types of character, but tend to split horribly into their component parts, revealing the workings of their unconscious minds with a spiritual immodesty worthy of the immortal Sally Beauchamp. Our heroes suffer from "Oedipus complexes" with a unanimity that must appear altogether perverse to a generation reared on the works of Charles Dickens, who consistently regarded all mothers as criminal, negligible or insane. Our heroines are become either displayed specimens of morbid pathology or increasingly middle-aged. Finally, and as a culminating horror, we occasionally come across a novel written with such a single regard for the subjective emotions that the objective personality appears only now and then as an uncompleted cast momentarily lifted, for examination, from the matrix.

Moreover, these symptoms and their like—I still adapt and condense the current opinions of the outraged reviewer—exhibit an inclination to multiply. We picture the admirer of the world's most successful novelist (Harold Bell Wright) as arching his back and spitting furiously at the first indication of a Freudian thesis. And, to conclude the indictment, it is plain that unless the novel-writing disciples of the Vienna and Zurich schools of psychology can promptly be bled to death—they have, thank God, quite miserable circulations—their influence may permeate and vitiate that sane and admirable method which has given us an Ethel M. Dell, a Temple Thurston, or a Zane Grey.

This indictment represents, no doubt, an extremist attitude, the opinion of that multitude which must have its heroines pure and its morality undiluted; but it cannot be neglected solely on that account. And when we recognize, as we must, that authentic critics have also shown a bias in the same direction, we have established a case that demands both a literary and a scientific consideration.

Our analysis, however, must begin with certain exclusions. If we are to test the influence of psycho-analysis on the novel as an art-form, we must take into account not only the effect but also the manner of the incidence. For it is manifest that of all theories of the nature of man ever put forward by a reputable scientist, that of Sigmund Freud is the most attractive and adaptable for the purposes of fiction. It was a theory of sex, the all but universal theme of the novel; it emphasized various peculiarities of thought, feeling and action that no observant and, *a fortiori*, no introspective novelist could thereafter overlook; it gave a new mystery to the human mind; adumbrated the suggestion of a freer morality by dwelling upon the physical and spiritual necessity for the liberation of impulse; and, last temptation of the enervated seeker for new themes, provided material for comparatively unworked complications of motive.

Now these appeals have inevitably influenced the writing of just those experimenters and opportunists whose novels I wish to exclude from our analysis. Their productions can only be indicative of a passing fashion; their value, at best, such as the future historian may find in the record of the epidemic symptoms they have documented. But since novels of this type have a particular significance both in relation to our

present purpose and to all literary criticism of this form of expression, we must in the first place arrive at a clear understanding of the quality that differentiates them from those other works which, whatever their failings, have another representative value.

Taking, then, an extreme and therefore ideal example, I submit that the essential difference is that between pure observation and pure feeling, or, variously, between an intellectual as opposed to an emotional response to experience. In the case of the experimenters we are considering, such a subject as psycho-analysis is studied from the surface, the facts and general teachings are memorized and then applied, more or less arbitrarily, to the invented or observed characters who figure in the story. Such a method when brilliantly used may produce an impression of truth, may even in rare cases lead to discovery, but in its essence it is mechanical, a mere collection and presentation of material that has not been assimilated and hence very slightly transmuted by the writer. Any fashion of thought, however ephemeral, might be similarly treated, but such a record of it could have no conceivable value as a proof of validity.

The opposed example is that in which the study of, say, psycho-analysis comes to the understanding of the writer as a formula that interprets for him a mode of experience. He has, let us assume, been aware of and puzzled by a habit of thought or feeling which is suddenly and beautifully illuminated for him by the application of this new formula. Nor, in the truly representative instance, does the process halt at the first discovery, but continues to open resolutions of old difficulties hardly recognised as such until they fall within the scope of the new criterion. The danger that besets the young disciple in the first ecstacies of such an adventure is that he will inevitably be tempted to apply his touchstone too generally, to imagine that his formula will explain all life.

In such a case as this the manner of incidence, to which I referred, differs markedly from the first example. Here we get a sense of interpenetration and subsequent assimilation, in the former case rather of obliquity and reflection; the true difference being that one writer finds in psycho-analysis an aid to the understanding of human thought and action, the other merely a useful piece to add to his repertoire. And, finally in this connexion, one has true value as evidence of the validity of the thing; the other has not.

Having thus cleared the ground by eliminating more particularly those literary experiments in applied psychology that have had such an irritant action on the nerves of the reviewer, I propose to test the applicability of psycho-analysis to fiction by a brief examination of certain aspects of the work of a writer who had not heard of Freud and never attempted to anticipate his method. Dostoevsky, in fact, from our point of view, may be regarded primarily as a patient rather than as a doctor.

Of his life up to the age of seven years we lack that information which would provide us with the last triumphant detail of proof. It is exceedingly improbable that that detail will ever be forthcoming. But it is a fairly safe inference from the later evidence that at some time in the course of those earlier years, he suffered either some shock of terror or stress of misery, that initiated the trauma which was later confirmed and emphasized by his experience on the scaffold. This inference is inherently probable, and since it might conceivably be confirmed by research and could not conceivably be disproved we may assume it as a

premise, although it is not absolutely essential, pathologically.

For the remainder of his life we see him beyond all shadow of doubt suffering from a neurosis that, even if it were not the cause, was the accompaniment and not the result of his epilepsy; the form taken by this neurosis has been provisionally termed an "inferiority complex." In its milder and practically harmless forms, it is perhaps the commonest instance of a morbid inhibition, despite the fact that—*pace* Dr. Freud—it depends more on the power-principle of Adler than on the pleasure-pain principle so tediously insisted upon by the Vienna School. The symptoms in aggravated cases exhibit on the one side an exaggerated humility and on the other an intolerant use of any adventitious opportunity to wield power. Two instances of every-day experience taken from a text book of psycho-analysis are: the driver of a heavy van brutally threatening the temporarily inferior pedestrian by the threat of running him down; and the ordinarily meek woman who takes a delight in exerting temporary superiority of position, it may be in such a trivial act as keeping anyone waiting by a pretence of inattention. An instance in literature may be taken from Uriah Heep—and Dickens himself is not exempt from the suspicion of being morbidly influenced by his childish miseries—but Heep, owing to Dickens' trick of satirical over-emphasis, is not strictly representative.

Dostoevsky, however, has himself analysed the condition so perfectly that his study might well find a place in a medical library as the ideal type of this particular neurosis. The supposed autobiographer (his name does not appear) in "Notes from Underground,"* is, perhaps, too intelligently aware of his own condition, but it is evident that Dostoevsky's purpose could only be fully served by the form of a personal confession. It is, indeed, a confession that holds no reserves. In the earlier part of the story we see the assumed writer of the notes, suffering agonies from the consciousness of his humiliation. This is followed by two attempts to assert himself, both futile. We then see him in a contest with his servant, Apollon, whose condition is a reflex of his own. And finally we get the representative instance of a brutal use of temporary superiority of position, in his dealings with the unfortunate little prostitute, Liza. Moreover the title is conclusive. The "underground" is clearly indicated as that of the mind, and if the story had been written within the last ten years, the author would have been accused by the reviewers of having steeped himself in the writings of the psycho-analysts. The opening sentences indeed would probably have been a little too much for the sensitives, since the sketch begins: "I am a sick man . . . I am a spiteful man. I am an unattractive man. I believe my liver is diseased. However, I know nothing at all about my disease, and do not know for certain what ails me."

This one story would be almost sufficient testimony as to Dostoevsky's own condition, the essential part of it coming as it does not from observation but from the "underground" of the writer's own mind. But if we need further evidence it can be found in almost any of Dostoevsky's novels: the valet in "The Brothers Karamazov" is a fine example: Prince Mishkin in "The Idiot" develops the theme in its less self-conscious aspect; there is more than one example in "The Possessed." But the truth is that once started on this scent, the student of Dostoevsky cannot fail to con-

*The novels of Feodor Dostoevsky, vol. X. "White Nights and Other Stories." Constance Garnett's translations. London: Heinemann.

clude that the type dominates both the characterization and the atmosphere of all his works.

Yet if our diagnosis rested solely on this evidence, the inference would be open to attack by the layman on the grounds that Dostoevsky wrote of the Russian as he knew him; and has not Russia as a country exhibited precisely the symptoms of the neurosis we have been describing? Centuries of suppression and humiliation have been at work to foster and confirm the complex which we now see in its typical expression, although passing, as did that of the French in the last years of the eighteenth century, towards its natural sublimation.

But our evidence goes beyond the examination of Dostoevsky's imaginative writings—in which, by the way, he was continually able, within certain limitations to sublimate his own complex. Indeed it was not by his novels but by a study of his letters that I, personally, was led in the first instance to attempt the diagnosis. In the letters we must look chiefly for autobiographical indications rather than for the emergence of the unconscious wisdom that enriches the novels, but would be checked by the realization of addressing a particular individual. And although these indications are too numerous to be ranged and examined in such an article as this, one or two of the more characteristic may be cited as general evidence.

The first of them that attracted my attention was the adulatory tone of the letters begging for patronage, written just before his release from Siberia. One regrets, in reading them, that genius could so bemean itself. The common excuse for the tone of them is that Dostoevsky was ill and overtired by his recent experiences, but it is just in such circumstances as these that one looks for the expression of the dominant individuality. In any case I prefer the pathological explanation. Then we come to the consideration of his jealousy of Turgenieff, and of the unfortunate meeting of the two men in Switzerland. All Dostoevsky's resentment and his behaviour at the meeting in question are readily explicable by the theory of his neurosis, but the need for impartiality demands that we should ask if a perfectly normal explanation is forthcoming. Personally I have failed to find one that is consistent with an unprejudiced interpretation of Dostoevsky's general character. Apart from his prepossession, he exhibits traits of gentleness, affection and tolerance that do not appear to me consonant with his treatment of Turgenieff. He did not seek to belittle his other contemporaries. But, in this instance, like the hero of "Notes from Underground," he could not resist the unconscious desire to try to jostle his superior from the pavement.* And further evidence, too intricate and detailed for present treatment, may be found in such indications as his weakness with regard to financial affairs, and his failure to respond to his surroundings (in the letters from Switzerland and Italy we do not find a single appreciation of the beauty that was all about him); instances, slight and inconclusive in themselves, but which fit in nicely enough with our general estimate of his pathological condition.

For our present purpose, however, it is not necessary to prove that Dostoevsky himself was the victim of a particular neurosis—although the argument is slightly strengthened if that hypothesis be admitted—since it is primarily only my intention to show that certain morbid conditions of mind, now clearly indicated and with obvious limitations explained by the psycho-analysts, may be artistically treated in the best

*cf. op. cit. pp. 87 et seq.

fiction. Another instance of this, which may be briefly referred to, is that afforded by the writings of D. H. Lawrence, who in all his novels has demonstrated with the passionate conviction that is a witness to his genius, the strange and occasionally dissociated workings of the unconscious mind. In this case we are confronted with just such a sex obsession as delights the faithful disciples of the Vienna school, but the particular type of complex is not of any importance in this connexion.

II.

The result of our preliminary examination may be summarized as the posing of two deductions; the first, that the deliberate, intellectual use in the pages of a novel, of the teachings of psycho-analysis produces an effect upon the reader that may be, variously, irritating, unconvincing and negligible, but is rarely, if ever, psychologically valuable; the second, that a writer of genius such as Dostoevsky, has, in one sense, forestalled the conclusions of this branch of psychology and used them to the benefit of literature. At first sight these two deductions may appear to disclose an inherent contradiction, namely that the theories of psycho-analysis can and cannot be used for the purposes of fiction; but this apparent contradiction is instantly resolved by a consideration of the manner of treatment. Briefly we may assume that, according to precedent, a true form of self-expression must bear the impress of spontaneity, hence that a novelist's learning is comparatively valueless to him until it has been so assimilated and transmuted as to become a personal experience and conviction.

This last proposition, however, opens the second phase of our thesis, presenting as it does the obvious deduction that such a theory as that of psycho-analysis properly comprehended and applied, may become a powerful influence in the novel of the future. But to decide that we must consider, first, how far the theory is a new one, and secondly, in what respects it illuminates the problems of normal psychology.

The answer to the first question can be stated quite briefly. The knowledge of the facts upon which Freud's pathological method was founded is as old as folk-lore. Certain symbols that the modern practitioner recognises as having a peculiar significance in the dreams of his patient, are the same symbols that were used not only in Greek and Norse mythologies, but also in the most primitive rites of the savage. What is new is primarily the pathological method by which the unconscious mind may be induced to reveal its dangerous secrets; but from the study of this method there is arising the outline of a new psychology for which we have no true precedent. Glimmerings and faint foreshadowings there may have been but no sure recognition or understanding; and the answer to our second question involves some inquiry into what this new psychology implies.

Let me begin by saying that psycho-analysis throws very little light on the problem of the survival of the personality, and Dr. Jung, in his address to the Society of Psychical Research last April refused to admit the probability of any authentic message having been received from departed spirits. We are able, therefore to confine ourselves strictly to the study of humanity in its normal, that is to say in its terrestrial, condition; and find our main point of convergence from older psychologies in the intensive observation of that element of our make-up which is now commonly spoken of as "the unconscious."

A scholarly history designed to collate the main facts of man's attitude towards and tentative realiza-

tions of his own duality would make uncommonly interesting reading; but outside religion and imaginative literature no real attempt was made to *characterize* the unconscious mind until Freud began to practise a pathology that relied upon the interpretation of dreams as an essential part of the method of diagnosis. In the past the oneiro-critic was solely concerned with the significance of the dream in so far as it foretold the future; the Freudian analysis, before Jung restored the balance of factors, was equally single-minded in relating it to the past. And this change of attitude—so startling in its implications that it almost makes a break in the continuity of thought—tended very quickly to crystallize a host of speculations that had awaited a unifying hypothesis. For this method of interpreting the dream, supported as it was by verifiable results in the patient's nervous, mental and physical condition, could only signify that we are endowed with a double consciousness, and that under a suitable stimulus the deeper consciousness could be examined and, as I have said, characterized. We are, in short, confronted with the theorem of a dual personality* in every human being, in which the second person has peculiar and essential functions both in connexion with our sanity and with our physical well-being. What, precisely, is the scope of these functions we are not yet in a position to say, but we can formulate with reasonable certainty various characteristic activities, tendencies and modes of expression common to this second personality, that are of the greatest importance to modern psychology.

We must, for example, face the deduction that the unconscious can suffer from a queer and hitherto unrecognized form of ill-health. A sudden fright, for instance, more particularly in childhood, has apparently the effect of breaking the liaison in this one particular relation, between the conscious and the unconscious mind. The shock itself, whatever it may be, is not remembered by the conscious mind, and this failure of contact between the unconscious and objective reality seems to produce a condition comparable to nervous worry. Speaking figuratively one may say that the second personality becomes the victim of a growing obsession, and begins to concentrate its efforts more and more upon signalling its message of distress. And surely the strangest of all the strange facts that have recently been described concerning this amazing partnership of ours, is that the second personality cannot communicate with the first except in the language of symbol. The means by which that vital message can be transmitted is, generally, in the first instance by a dream. But this dream does not picture the actual circumstances of the original shock, but seeks to describe it by a method that Dr. Maurice Nicoll has compared to that of the political cartoon. Night after night the message of distress is delivered with diligent ingenuity in a picture language, the images of which are frequently taken from casual and unimportant experiences of the dreamer's waking life, such experiences being presented in the form of an allegory which rightly interpreted has a bearing on the urgent cause of distress. When this mode of communication fails, more drastic steps are taken and the physical actions of the body may be influenced in the form of a mania. A youth or a young woman shocked by a sudden sexual experience or revelation

to the point of conscious forgetfulness of the incident in question, may develop a mania for the continued cleansing of the hands—again, be it noted, the message being conveyed by a symbol. Or the effect may be the development of a phobia that in extreme cases may cause the death of the patient.

Now, the points of immediate interest in this amazing process are first, what may be called the anxiety of the unconscious to communicate its distress, and secondly, the inability to convey its message by any means other than that of symbol. From the former observation it may perhaps be inferred, *inter alia*, that it is vital to the functions of the unconscious that it should have universal touch with the objective realities of its partner; from the second that the existence of a trauma causing a breach between the two minds, is of such a nature that direct communication becomes impossible along that particular circuit. For, although it is vital to the functions of the unconscious that it form, they also contain now and then plain statements that solve a perplexity; and it is difficult to understand why in cases of such vital urgency an image of the conditions responsible for the original trauma should not be directly presented, unless there is some nervous dissociation—it may be an actual physical displacement or temporary re-arrangement of cell tissue—producing a restricted amnesia in the conscious mind.

Proceeding, now, with the characterization of the unconscious, we come to that aspect of it which has above all others tickled and excited the popular imagination. In this aspect the unconscious figures as the crouching beast of desire, the primitive immoral instigator of all the animal passions; a thing of wonderful abilities and capable of amazing physical dexterities, but before all else unethical and uncivilized. But sorry as I am to destroy so romantic and intriguing a creation, I must admit that Dr. Jung's researches do not uphold this view of the unconscious as an universal type. It is, indeed, well established in the mythologies and appears as the serpent, a favourite symbol, in the second chapter of Genesis; but the individual may at once put away the fear, or the hope, that he, himself, is harbouring so fearful a beast. For, if we may argue from those abnormal instances that furnish the bolder illustrations of tendency, we have excellent grounds for following Jung in the assumption that the unconscious is the complement of the conscious. Is a man brutal, then he is suppressing the urgency to gentleness that wells up—an uncertain and impeded flow, no doubt—from the depths of his being; and we remember the callous murderer exhibiting a tender solicitude for some feeble animal. Is he a miser, he is occasionally tortured by promptings to an absurd generosity. Is he a loose-liver, he suffers from an unappeasable longing after chastity. The saint is tempted by his unconscious being to sin; the sinner to renounce the devil and all his works. In short, the character of the unconscious is as various as the character of man; although in this civilized world of ours in which the dominant restrictions of society are in the direction of sex and decency, we are naturally inclined towards a generalization that presents the unconscious as a creature of immodesty and lust.

But it is unnecessary for the purposes of this article that I should elaborate any further the larger inferences of the psycho-analysts with regard to the personal traits, influences, and functions of this astonishing partner of ours. All that I wish to demonstrate is that such a partner almost certainly exists and has an immense influence upon our impulses, our thoughts,

*In using the term "dual personality" I beg an essential question for the sake of a convenient image; but it must not be assumed that what I describe hereafter as a second personality is recognised as such by psychologists. It is possible that the unconscious bears some such relation to the conscious as desire bears to purpose, instinct to reason, or reflexive to deliberative action. But see also, in this connexion "*De L'Inconscient au Conscient*" by Dr. Gustave Geley. Paris, 1919.

and our actions. And the critical question we have to face is whether the agency of the unconscious, recognised now both by the philosophers and the psychologists, can possibly be kept out of the novel. Personally, I believe that neither the distaste of the reviewer nor that more influential factor the distaste of the public, will avail to bar the conclusions of psycho-analysis from the fiction of the future. We are coming inevitably to a new test in our judgments upon human action and thought, a test that has been proved to be valid by many thousands of well authenticated experiments. I am willing to admit that through all the ages, genius has anticipated laboratory and clinical methods, and that the basis of the psycho-analytical theory was firmly established in literature before Freud applied it as a pathological method. But once such a theory as this is established—a probability one can hardly escape—how can any serious novelist afford to neglect the illumination it throws upon the subtle problems of human impulse? Is it not already tending to become a touchstone of the author's powers of observation and understanding, helping us to evaluate the intellectual productions of the writer, whether realist or romantic, who relies upon the evidence of his eyes and ears rather than upon his personal emotions and experience? In the earlier part of this article, for example, I made a passing reference to Charles Dickens's attitude towards the relations of mother and son; and we have, now, scientific as well as observational grounds for condemning him in this particular, inasmuch as he obviously generalized from an atypical experience. And I submit that if Dickens had studied the theorems of psycho-analysis, certain of his books would have been the better for the knowledge he would have gained.

I am aware that such a postulate as this contradicts in some respects certain implications I have previously made. But it must be remembered that while the novelist's best material undoubtedly comes from his personal contacts, almost infinitely extended by his powers of entering with an emotional sympathy into the experiences of other lives either presented or recounted, he cannot entirely neglect the precedents afforded by learning. Such precedents may only serve him as a test and a formula for correction, but should he overlook them altogether, he will be liable to fall into the error of regarding his personal equation as an universal standard, and generalize from the atypical.

And, finally, I would submit that we are at this moment passing through a new phase of evolution that must have a characteristic effect on the fiction of the future—if the form of the novel survives the change. We may study the first evidences of this strange partnership of ours in the lower animals. In the wild what we call the unconscious appears to be the single control. It represents the genius of instinct, swift, feral and unethical. In animals, such as the dog and the horse, age-long companions of man, we can trace the incipient rivalry of what in ourselves we regard as the representative consciousness. The horse and the dog have already learned the meaning of conscious inhibition. At our command they can deny the spontaneous impulses of their natural desire. In civilized man that ability has been cultivated until he is able to present to the world and himself so complete an entity that we and he regard it as his proper expression. But meanwhile we cannot, now, doubt that his hidden partner has evolved with him. The impulses of the unconscious are no longer simply feral and animal. We are, a trifle unwillingly, coming to the conclusion

that it is this other, shadowed self that is responsible for all that is best and most permanent in literature. It is being associated with genius on the one hand and on the other with the highest dexterity in games of skill. And is it not possible that with our growing realization of this co-operation, the "education of the subconscious"—as Varisco, the Italian philosopher, calls it—will proceed ever more rapidly? And to what end unless it be that in the strange process of our earthly evolution, this artificial shell of the conscious will be gradually broken and absorbed to reveal the single and relatively perfect individual that has been so steadily developing underground?

J. D. BERESFORD.

THE INVETERATE ENGLISH.

IN one of the few flashes of insight which the leader-writer of the *London Times* has permitted himself in the last five heavy years, he wrote:

What is the cause of our immutability? Why do we go on doing the same things, whatever happens? Why cannot custom stale our infinite monotony? And why, being what we are, have we this enormous reserve of strength? We ask these questions with no aim of self-flattery. An Englishman may be just as much bewildered and exasperated by it all as a foreigner. He may see Britannia in the image of an enormous, imperturbable bus-driver, moving through history without a smile or a frown, but with sometimes a joke spoken as if it were no joke; looking neither to the right nor to the left; caring, apparently, for nothing except to drive his bus. At least, if he cares, he tells no one. He bears out the verdict of Kipling's American on Englishmen in general: "These people do not think they need explain."

This old civilization has its own way of doing things. It does not care to be courteous to new-comers. It is not discourteous. It merely keeps to itself. It does not choose to exercise hospitality, except in rare moments to the introduced (or in official spasms at Whitehall and the Universities). It has no wish for new friends, no need of them. Hospitality is not the spontaneous gesture which it is with less disciplined peoples, like the Americans and Irish. The British people, in the mass, are unaware of hostility, indifferent to criticism, ironically amused at being praised or liked. This deep-set nature of theirs offends the stranger, but no offence is intended. It is only in a pioneer or peasant country that friendliness reaches out half-way to the visitor.

This people does its thinking in British terms—in terms of the British Isle primarily, and dimly in terms of the Empire. It looks on the League of Nations in that light, as an extension of the *Pax Britannica*. Labour leaders, like Will Thorne and Jack Jones, talk "Britain for the British." The Fabian conception of the social organism is purely British. The Guild Socialists are unaware of pressures and temperaments other than those they have studied at home. Prolonged contact with England's civilization in such a manifestation as that of the labour movement leaves one with the conviction of what Henry James called "the true toughness, the further duration of her identity."

This explanation will go a little way to rede the riddle of why it is misunderstood by outsiders. "These people do not think they need explain." When American commissioners come over, they may be "taken up" by a clique for political reasons. Officials may plan routes and tours of prepared welcome. But the visitors are not accepted by the rank and file. They do not hear the mass opinion. The exchange of ideas, the subtle currents of influence—

these never receive free play. I have known one after another of our people to return home baffled. No outsider can "touch the evolution of a people so complex and so undecipherable." In their own good time, once or twice in a century, they will uncover the something that lies hidden in their consciousness. And then their spirit will return to its own inaccessible home. And the committee of investigation will meet that frozen face and pinched smile and ironic amusement. The forces of their inner life bubble up, and overflow into currents that make a little external history. But these life processes can only be seen from the outside and are imperfectly known. The English have little consciousness of them. Their seminal knowledge they scatter casually, and France tidies up their experience into Latin summaries, and Germany systematizes and organizes it into source-documents.

We are witnessing such a moment now with British labour. The happenings cannot be squeezed into categories. The whole affair is irrational. It is without relevance to remind the worker that he may whistle for his new social order, but that the iron law of costs will keep him nailed down in poverty. He wants change, and the gates swing to let him through. There is at present no economic basis for the great plans. But the menace of poverty will not deter him. At heart he is careless whether he is partaker in the ruin or sharer in the plums and benefits. He has revolted against the machine. The autocracy, the speeding up, the long hours, the sacrifice of personality, are conditions which he challenges with the fierceness of released emotion. The suppressions, renewed in each generation for 160 years, have given a hunger which sharpened itself on the spectacle of plenty, confined within the narrow limits of a class regime.

The movement drives on leaderless. A great impulse is at work, but there is no wire along which it travels. British socialism is not something imported and spread by propaganda. It is an instinct for equality that goes out in successive waves of impulse. The Briton plays it as he plays cricket, which Lucas defines as "an intricate, vigilant, and leisurely warfare." At any moment, he may knock off for tea. At the crest of the great performance, he may postpone the affair for a week or a decade. He believes that he has eternity to turn around in. Layer on layer of experience, lying as deep as the buried dead of Wessex—it is into this inner sea that revolution or world-war falls as a pebble, with a faint brief ripple.

The French organize spontaneously. On one fine spring morning, they all come out and overturn the world. The English organize painfully. With loud groaning, and individualistic whimsiness, they draw together. They have the cohesion of a squabbling family. There will be committees, commissions, permeation, and finally a snow-storm of legislative bills. Some day they will cross the great divide into a new society, but they will be looking the other way, and will not wish to be told of it. And they will cover the fresh experience in ancient constitutional forms.

Types are changing with them, because types are merely the crystallization of economic condition. So Squire Western, the village schoolmaster, Hodge, the peasant, decayed peers, the coster and his "Old Dutch," are fading. Strata of every deposit in history, each in his degree, have been carried in the rich subsoil, and now the spade and the pick-axe and

blasting powder are tumbling their bones out on the surface. But the spirit that projected them, decent and very old, carries on through the changes of time. All this goes unrecorded, because no man could read their story. England is changing, but the English are unchangeable.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

WOMAN AND LABOUR.

THE connexion between the woman's movement and labour is far closer than many even of its strongest supporters knew when they were forcing it to a place in practical politics in England and America during the closing years of the last century and the beginning of this. When the movement began, indeed, until quite recently, the fact that it was mainly the expression of unrest among the intellectuals and the social reformers, obscured the truth that here was democracy expressing itself in new terms—getting back to a basis which had been grossly neglected in the economic, social, and political changes of the last three hundred years. In the growth of modern wealth-getting conditions the human equation of society had been profoundly disturbed by an increasing disparity, culminating in the two decades following the Napoleonic wars, between ideals and practice.

Three hundred years ago democracy started on a lop-sided race towards political freedom. To put the case figuratively, with one leg tied to the starting-post it was trying to reach the goal with the other, and did not perceive what a poor figure it was making of itself in the process. So for two hundred and fifty years one-legged democracy pirouetted and postured in the growing entanglements of an industrial and monopolistic system whose ethical basis—the Devil take the hindmost!—was cynically accepted, by Church and State alike, as the best means for securing progress in all mundane affairs, a gospel which to this day finds expression in the tag of patriotic reactionaries that "Capitalism is Americanism. Devil take you! You are seditious if you think otherwise."

No wonder the hindleg—unorganized labour and unorganized womanhood—got left in the ditch. On material lines the industrial system derived great and quick profits from a "free-growing" proletariat supplying in abundant quantity the underpaid labour of men and the unpaid labour of women. The sacred law of supply and demand governed the life-conditions of both: men could be got to labour for nothing in the homes; the bachelor's wage, eking out by assistance from the State, became the stereotyped life-standard of hundreds of thousands of English homes while England was "getting rich." And just as, eighty years ago it was an act of sedition against the State, punishable by penal servitude, for the labouring man to combine in order to secure a rise of wages, so it was against nature and morality for women to seek facilities for escape from the unpaid labour of the home, camouflaged under the phrase "domestic bliss," except on sweated conditions which helped still further to debase the standard of men's wages.

The accompanying conditions of this state of affairs were many and complex; its origin was fairly simple. When at the time of the Reformation, or thereabouts, men had begun to perceive that the desire for political and religious freedom was a human and not a devilish impulse, they became very keen on it for themselves, but not for others; and applied it in a one-sided and sectarian fashion. So, in the ensuing scramble for liberty, minorities—Catholics, non-conformists, the

unrepresented, and the unimportant—got badly left; and as the modern movement toward democracy went on, nobody got so badly left as the women: they, like labour, were politically unimportant, and remained so until the pressure of industrial problems on politics produced conditions which made the woman's movement inevitable.

In the Catholic England of pre-Reformation days women held, in Church and State, positions of authority and influence, in some cases a definite political status. The practice of medicine, educational foundations, and a place in the organized bodies of skilled labour, were theirs. A century later all these had been taken from them. The Reformation, good in other respects, was a definite set-back to the women's cause: Puritanism, exalting the old Testament above the New, and the teachings of Paul above the teachings of Jesus, became offensively male in its implications and prejudices. Only in her domestic setting—home-industries and conditions remaining very much the same—did she retain her old position of industrial and administrative importance. In a world moving gradually to the discovery of new ends the woman stood still; and labour, more than it realized, stood still with her—the sediment of a fermenting civilization. Political conditions advanced, labour conditions remained as before, and in the changes from mediæval feudalism to modern industrialism labour and women alike had very little say; the new adjustments were imposed almost entirely in the interests of the employer and the landowner, so far as labour—and of a male State-system, so far as women were concerned. The abolition of the common-land rights of the English peasantry in favour of the landlords, and of the women's right of dower in favour of their husbands, was typical of what could be done, and was done, in the interests of those holding almost a monopoly of economic and political power at a time when labour and womanhood stood unrepresented in the councils of the nation.

Apart from these handicaps, this stagnation of the fellow interests of women and labour was made the more possible from the fact that agriculture and the home—the two greatest interests of the country—had remained comparatively unmodernized. Without railroads, without big manufacturing centres, with a minimum of education, and a localized and unshifting population, the whole country outside the large towns was very much what it had always been. Home-industries and home-manufacture were still a normal feature in the household life. It would hardly be too much to say that three-quarters of the necessities of life used in the rural homes of England, both of the poor and the well-to-do, were the actual product either of the home itself or of local labour.

Upon this community of interests which had been kept primitive, uncompetitive, and unprogressive, descended at a blow the modern industrial development of steam-power and machine-made goods, the killing-out of the home industries, and the substitution of a manufacturing for an agricultural policy—of a national system depending for its life on commerce with the whole world. The country and the home alike ceased to be self-supporting; and as the home-industries were taken out of the home, women's labour and women's interests went out after them. Women became involved in the industrial machine, competitors with men outside the home, often, indeed almost always, underselling them. Thus a basis of antagonism in the labour-market was laid, which has

served to divide the common interests of women and labour as they became organized and articulate.

When land-monopoly drove labour from the fields into the towns, the manufacturers had their material to hand at their own price; it was their interest to keep labour plentiful and cheap. Large families, child-labour, and a swiftly multiplying proletariat, all helped to make the individual employer rich, and the nation poor—poor in life-values. But in an epoch when trade-returns were going up by leaps and bounds it required the woman's eye, or the idealist's, to see it, and the woman's movement by voice and strenuous action to give it point. Broadly speaking, the woman's movement has been, since that time, an effort to point out to a nation seemingly rich that it was really poor; to insist that a system which maintained gross inequalities in the life-standards of its products was, from a human point of view, a disreputable and an unpaying system. More especially when the movement came to a head in England some ten years ago, it proved itself—quite apart from "militancy"—a benevolently revolutionary movement. I do not hesitate to say that the joy of revolution was in its blood; and that the women who were its leaders were above all things conscious and insistent that this man-made world of politics was not good enough for them; and while they were out fighting for their political rights they were also fighting for great economic and social changes, for reconstruction in a very real sense. They were the heralds of the new age.

Has that intention now been lost in the success that has crowned their efforts? It must be confessed that in some conspicuous instances in the English movement, the women's leaders would seem to have sold themselves to the forces of reaction; but it is significant that they no longer have at their back their old following; to these they have become "lost leaders," and under their jingoistic banner march to-day the anti-suffragists of yesterday. Well financed, sometimes from the pocket of the tax-payer by the hand of the government, they sound against labour, against Russia, and against international goodwill and reconciliation, the note of reaction. Had they kept their old following around them, the symptom would have been serious and a cause for discouragement; but the mere fact that their present following has come to them from the other camp gives ground for hope that the real woman's movement is still sound at heart, that benevolent revolution is still its aim.

What has been indicated before as the historical origin of the movement would seem to make it inevitable now that the women have come into their own, that the old party distinctions and allegiances should no longer content them. Politics have done a great deal to build up the social and economic order as we now find it, while the entry of women and labour into politics, except as the auxiliaries or employees of existing parties, is comparatively recent. Thus they have arrived, late in the day, to exercise through political organizations of their own, a new and a larger influence upon this modern system which has been shaping up for the last two or three hundred years, with very little direct reference to their wishes or their needs. Are they now to accept it as their own and to give their mandate to the boss-ridden parties which never by any chance sought its bosses from their ranks, or shaped its policies in their interests?

But the question goes deeper than party; it touches the whole structure of society, and that monopolistic system which, because it is threatened, alarmed reac-

tionaries would now persuade us is synonymous with national life. Is it not folly to think that a social and political order which has so developed, over the women's heads, with so great a hiatus in its historical composition, the expression for generations of interests which required not their leadership but their subservience, can be a thing of sound construction from its base upwards, that it requires nothing more than a trimming of its frills, now when the once subservient are in a position to establish their claim to self-control and leadership? If that were true, if women found existing parties, and the existing social structure, representative of their needs and aspirations, then representative government would be proved unnecessary and the contention of the anti-suffragists, that women were sufficiently represented in the State without votes, would be established.

If, on the other hand, we believe that lack of representation in any given direction must needs produce definite unrepresentative results, and that the more important the interest which has failed to find representation the more far-reaching and deep-seated must be the resultant failure to represent that which was absent, then we have set before us a situation which cannot be met by a mere trimming of the body politic as we now find it.

The present social order is the product of a false competitive system run on a basis of land-monopoly established before women or labour had any adequate representation in politics. The laws which gave to that system its institutional sanctions were laws in which the workers and the women had no voice; in which the interests of the employing and owning classes were predominant. And women and workers alike have just as much right to-day to question its foundations as to question its subsequent abuses and corruptions, debate upon which has formed so large a part of modern politics. To those who would head us off from examining thus deeply, the answer is that the system was not representatively founded; that for at least two hundred years it was not representatively developed; the interests which gave it being secured for themselves a long start; by law, by organization, by custom, by the accumulation of capital and by the consequent control of industry, they obtained the whip-hand which, politically and economically, they have very largely retained up to the present day. But though that system, which over the heads of unrepresented interests secured so long a start, is now so deeply embedded in our order of modern civilization that any sudden reversal of its claims would result in social upheaval and chaos, yet it is no more sacrosanct than the feudal system, or than the slave-system, and if it is antagonistic to the great communal interests which have now found representation it cannot live—it must go.

Women have ever been more quick than men to see that the interests of life transcend the interests of property; they must recognize, therefore, that an industrial system which provides anything less than a good life-standard for the worker and his family is a source not of wealth but of poverty to the community. Coming into politics to-day with direct power and organization at their command, they are confronted with conditions where the two interests of life and privilege, of worker and monopolist, are still in direct conflict; mainly because under the established system, privilege and the shareholder have claimed too much. The existing political parties have ever been tender to their claims, and while they are so they will do

everything possible to secure the women's allegiance, and to persuade them that those man-made parties of yesterday are sufficiently representative of the interests and the values that women stand for. If they are, then they have performed the miracle of being representative without according representation, and the women have come into a political world which really did not need them. Are they prepared to accept that estimate of their value of the enfranchisement they have fought so hard to obtain? Is their victory to be as far separated in its results from the ideals for which they joined forces, as that other victory which during the last year has been burying its reputation in the peace-treaty of Paris?

The moral of that great failure is to-day fairly plain: the interests of yesterday—the old inter-state jealousies, narrow, and nationalistic in operation, have reasserted themselves, and have imposed an impossible peace, which is already breaking down under the practical test of changed conditions. In politics also, the same futile mistake is being attempted. Reluctance to face the proved failure of an economic system which has refused to democratize the conditions of industry by admitting the worker to a share in its control, is everywhere apparent in the world of politics. The old parties are opposed to the extension of democratic principles from the electorate to the workshops and farms. Yet it is upon this very point that the interests of women and of labour stand historically united, for it was when the industries and manufactures of the home passed out of their hands to those of monopolistic interests that the need for the women's political movement became imperative. It was that very same thing which brought about the beginning of the modern labour movement. In this manufacturing age, manufacture is still run on lines almost as unrepresentative as international diplomacy; and if it continues to be unrepresentative of the worker and the consumer, of labour and the home, manufacture will land us in just as big and as bloody a mess as the old diplomacy has done. Labour by itself may not be strong enough to save us from the impasse into which the old parties are driving us; but women and labour together can do it. Will they have sufficient insight and foresight to ally themselves to that end?

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

POETRY.

FENCES.

Fence-posts,
Soldiers,
Keeping out what?
From where?

O for an end of fences,
O for an opening of the earth
Free from the rich,
Free from the poor,
For flowers
And for men!

But that can only come
When you shall know,
And be glad to know,
That I am as good as you,
That you are as good as I,
And that in proving otherwise
By fence-posts,
By soldiers,
There is no heroism
And no proof.

WITTER BYNNER.

MISCELLANY.

THE FREEMAN is not the first paper of its name. The present review has at least one predecessor with interesting associations, established and edited in Brooklyn, first as a weekly, then as a daily, by no less a person than Walt Whitman. This was in 1849, or thereabouts, when Whitman kept a little printing shop in Myrtle Avenue in the front of which he sold books. There the *Freeman* was carried on during the great part of a year, and in its columns Whitman defended radical principles that forced him at last to break with the Democratic party. While he never took journalism very seriously and was long remembered at the Brooklyn *Eagle* as an editor-in-chief who lounged into the office only for an hour or so a day, he had at that period political views that were much more definite than any he held later. He wrote especially and with much warmth against capital punishment, the mistreatment of negroes, the luxury of the churches and the abuse of municipal power.

IT is strange how a name will sometimes within a few hours seem to draw together a number of names that can be associated with some incident or movement in politics, literature, or art. One of the first items of news I saw this morning referred to the coming to America of Willem Mengelberg, the great Dutch conductor. An hour afterwards I read Mr. Howard Mumford Jones' critique on Arthur Symons published elsewhere in this issue, in which I came across the name of James Huneker. These names reminded me of a night in London many years ago when we were present at the Richard Strauss festival given in the old St. James' Hall. It was Mengelberg's Amsterdam orchestra that performed Strauss' works, and representative London had gathered to listen. The fierce controversy over Strauss was then, I remember, at its height. Strauss and Mengelberg conducted a really fine orchestra, and Madame Strauss sang her husband's songs. It was a memorable festival. After the performance that night many of us gathered together in the hall, in little groups, discussing the delicious humour of "Till Eulenspiegel", the majesty of "Tod und Verklärung" and the dramatic grandeur of "Ein Heldenleben". That was the last time I saw Arthur Symons, and our conversation was pleasant to remember. "Tristan and Iscuit" was then taking shape in his mind. In one group were Symons, Huneker, and John Robertson; in another, Strauss, Ernest Newman, Villiers-Stanford; in another Mengelberg, Madame Strauss, Kirkby Lunn and Stephen Phillips; and numbers of other people, then well known figures in London society, but whose names may be—indeed, must be, strange as it seems, quite unknown to this generation. *Calidus iuventa*; yes, nearly a generation has passed since then.

THE mention of Symons moves me to a word of grateful praise. Those who move with tired minds from the hard facts of the day's long toil, toward the treasure house which Arthur Symons has thrown open, little realize what riches he affords us. To men and women who live as most of us must live, in the sheer unloveliness of this present world, Symons offers the richest of gifts: the beauty and peace of wonderful dreams; and he clothes his gift in a language that for purity, strength and nobility is equal to the best of our time and generation. He seems to revere our tongue with all the fervour of a devout lover. Refreshment and rest are to be found in his works; they draw us away from the sordidness of our life, and beckon us to pleasant places where dreams inspire the soul. This, after all, is the great function of literature. "Fiction has no business to exist," says a most delicate and penetrating French critic, "unless art is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the booksellers' shops; you buy them there for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for

a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful." Nobly has Symons understood the aim of his art and manfully has he striven towards it.

WHO will begin to comb and collate the material that will serve the scholars of 2020 A. D. who will write the cultural history of America? If we were as truly solicitous of our duty to posterity as we sometimes assert when anxious to justify acts that are really for the benefit of our own day, we would organize the data so as to report ourselves aright to the coming generations and to the civilizations that will succeed ours. We can save much effort for the student a century hence and obviate misconception and misinterpretation by preserving the documents and evidence which, otherwise, might be available only in such fragments as give rise to fruitless controversies. Much of our scattered literature in the periodical field, our unco-ordinated efforts to root the arts in the life of the people, our informal extension of popular education—other topics will spring to the reader's mind—might be recorded and charted so as to present to-day in true perspective to the morrow. In some respects the future historian's labours are being simplified by the publication of volumes that assess contemporary strivings and achievement in the arts and sciences, in religious and institutional life. But how, other than by patient gathering of what crumbs remain of our newspapers, catalogues and programmes, will the Schliemanns of the twenty-first century identify, corroborate and classify the countless abortive enterprises—the marginal sketches for culture—that precede and illuminate the finished achievement? "The Encyclopaedia Britannica" bravely promised annual supplements to its eleventh edition, but only one volume, that for 1913, appeared. The Nelson "Encyclopaedia" keeps abreast of life by means of loose leaves. Such works deal with accomplished facts rather than with experiments, and what they record is less interesting than what they omit. Though it is conceded that State activities calculated to assist the scientist, the merchant, the farmer and others will result in valuable heritage, besides paying their way today, the present archives alone will not afford a perfect cross-section of our intellectual life.

WHY should we not have an official bureau of cultural research to discover, record, interpret and preserve the isolated endeavours of men and women who, prompted by different ideals and motives, are contributing footnotes to what one day will evolve as an American culture? One need but examine one's shelves, the daily post, the casual newspaper, to be impressed by the wealth of significant material, trivial when considered item by item, but of real value in its cumulation. What of the effect on our literary taste of the publications of Thomas B. Mosher during twenty-five years? How has our thinking been moulded by chautauquas, lyceums, open forums and teachers' institutes? Should there not be a record, other than that in the dry index of newspapers, of the influence wielded by the *Chap Book*, the *Seven Arts*, and by personal journalism: consider Brann's *Iconoclast*; William Marion Reedy's *Mirror*; Elbert Hubbard's *Philistine* and even Samuel E. Asbury's *Nativist*, published at five cents at College Station, Texas? Everywhere there are competitions for the best stories, paintings, musical compositions; travelling exhibitions that aim to unite the country in a common love of the beautiful. Last autumn it remained for a Chicago department-store to make the most comprehensive display of American books ever seen outside of a public library, and under such conditions, and with such publicity, as no library could possibly supply. There is something alluring about the thought of registering the many apparently unrelated adventures in culture and pseudo-culture with a view to a more precise presentation of our era than we are able to obtain of the past.

CENTRAL PARK seems to be the only spot on Manhattan Island that is impregnable to change. Day by day one thanks Heaven that the ruthless hand of the contractor cannot be laid upon it. One who knew it well in the 'eighties misses the pageant of sleighs, the coachmen and grooms with their fur coats and caps, the splendid horses caparisoned with cockades and bells. The motor-car has destroyed all this, and with it a great deal of stately charm worth remembering, possibly, out of something more than mere antiquarian interest. The mall is there, however, with the merry crowds of children as of old, the gossiping nurse-maids, speaking all the tongues disseminated by Babel. One day recently as an old man passed through that glorious company, I heard him say to his companion, "This is New York, all I remember of New York."

HERE is an interesting turn of human nature. Grandi, a carpenter, elected recently to the Italian Parliament as a revolutionary Socialist, went into the Chamber the day before the opening session, to have a look round and see what it was like. Workmen were erecting the throne and canopy for the King, who was to be present next day and preside at the opening of Parliament. Grandi watched the proceedings for a while with the trained eye of a carpenter, and then stepped forward and told the workmen that the canopy was not safe, that it might come tumbling down on the King's head, and kill him; and then, without more ado, he took the job in hand himself and superintended it through to a safe and ship-shape end. As a revolutionary Socialist, he was all for overthrowing the monarchy; but as a carpenter, he was against botchwork, even to get rid of a king. Human nature, left to itself, has inveterate instinct for playing the game by the rules.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

NEW HORIZONS.

NATURALISTIC tragedy has never gained a real foothold in the American theatre, seeming alike foreign to the temper of our audiences and authors. Yet last season, and at a time, too, of apparent reaction toward the gayest pleasures, one of the most emphatic successes in New York was "John Ferguson"; and this season one of the emphatic successes (though so far tested only by matinée performances) is "Beyond the Horizon," which is not only a naturalistic tragedy, but the work of an American writer, Eugene G. O'Neill, displaying an American scene. O'Neill is a son of James O'Neill, for so long a familiar figure upon our stage. The son, however, has reached Broadway not through the well-trod paths of the actor, but over the curious by-ways of Provincetown and MacDougal Street. He is a product, not of our traditional theatre, but of the insurgent amateur movement. "Beyond the Horizon" is a striking proof (as, indeed, was the production of "John Ferguson") that this movement has a definite contribution to make to our native playhouse. And, if not proof, it is at least a suggestion that perhaps one reason why our theatre has been so unreceptive to the naturalistic drama is because it has so infrequently handled that drama with anything approaching sympathy and genuine understanding.

"Beyond the Horizon" is not without its faults, to be sure. Its greatest fault is akin to the fault of Masefield's "Nan"—too great compression, so that the woes and sufferings packed into the eighty-minute traffic of the stage seem a bit too thick. In O'Neill's case, at least, this results from the fact that he at-

tempts—inevitably has to attempt, he might urge—to show in the life of one generation on a stubborn Yankee farm the disintegration which actually runs through several generations. Those critics of his play who have said the conditions he depicts in his last act are impossible know very little about our back country. Such conditions, rather, are frequently far behind the facts. But it is quite true that such conditions seldom enough prevail in the life of men and women who began with the spiritual and moral stamina of O'Neill's characters in his first act. That first act, in real life, is a generation or more in the past; and this only goes to show that even the naturalistic drama at its best finds it difficult to be naturalistic.

William Dean Howells, our great realist in fiction, based the tribulation of "A Modern Instance" on what seems to be the ridiculously trivial fact that a leading character ate a piece of mince pie before going to bed. O'Neill bases his tragedy on something hardly less accidental, perhaps, though more appealing for stage purposes. There are two brothers on the farm; one a practical farmer; one a dreamer, called by the lure of the high horizon-rim of the encircling hills. The latter is about to depart on a voyage with a sea-faring uncle, thinking his brother will remain behind to marry a neighbouring girl whom they both love, though the dreamer, we gather, not so intensely that he suffers greatly at the thought of departure. The girl, however, is captured by his youthful poetic eloquence, and declares her love for him, not for his brother, pleading with him to remain. Snared alike by his immature passion, his sense of a new duty, his temperamental inability to think the matter out clearly, he does remain; and the brother, the true farmer, takes his place on the ship, subsequently to carve his way in the world.

The disintegration of the farm, the disintegration of the man, and the woman, the slow attrition of bicker and of love-turned-to-hatred, the gnawing sense that each has made a false choice; finally the death of the dreamer from tuberculosis (from which the sea voyage would presumably have saved him), is the grim matter of the drama. It is its great merit that the cause is laid in so natural and commonplace an occurrence. It is its perhaps inevitable demerit that, in life, the stage of final squalor and dissolution depicted comes rather in the second or third generation, after the unfit on our eastern farms have bred progressive unfitness. But, in these later unfit characters is little of the tragic capacity for remembering happier days; so that on the stage they would be quite ineffectual. We study our actual hill-billies in social statistics, not in literature.

However, we must not seem to belittle O'Neill's achievement, which is the more considerable when we remember the long procession of "by gosh" dramas that have pretended to depict New England in the past, and have become fixed as a tradition. His is the story of a misfit on a stony farm, of a dreamer caught and held in the toils of a blind, stupid fate; of two souls, one ineffectual, the other commonplace, wearing each other down by the friction of an almost accidental propinquity, amid loneliness and a sense of baffling failure. It is the tragedy of those who hunger for the richness of life, and are able to gain only its poverty and squalor. In the American theatre, it strikes a new note, a sad, solemn bell amid the gay crash of drums and cymbals.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

BOOKS.

AN ARISTOCRAT OF BEAUTY.

ARTHUR SYMONS is not, and presumably will never be a popular writer—not that popularity is a thing for which he greatly cares. Yet, in the scanty array of authentic English criticism, it is probable that none of our contemporaries is more nearly assured of a permanent place than he.

In a world convulsed with war, in a world full of the jar and jangle of "democratic" literature, Symons has gone gravely on his way, an aristocrat of beauty whom no plangency of social crisis can divert from the courageous loneliness of his road. For him, indeed,

the Oracles are dumb,

and he stands looking backward, peering a little wistfully into that smaller, and perhaps for all its eccentricities, that saner world which nourished him. It was in the London of the *Yellow Book* that he came to flower, and the *Yellow Book* is very long ago. How far away, how fragile and fantastic are the eighteen-nineties now! For Ernest Dowson

Love heeds no more the sighing of the wind,

and his friend has preserved for us in a delicately beautiful memoir all that we may keep of that dream-ridden spirit. Wilde and Beardsley, Lionel Johnson and John Davidson—whither are they gone? Symons, beholding the strange turbulency of the earth, must sometimes sigh and remember, "*O Mors! quam amara est tua memoria homini pacem habenti in substantiis suis!*"

One despairs of writing well of him. How shall one convey in words the sense of exquisite beauty, the modulated music that springs so readily to his hand? The proper comment on Symons' style is, indeed, not to be found in words, but rather in some old French composer, some perfect danger, a misty prospect under the summer stars. The words move with so charming a deliberation, they stand so delicately poised

on tiptoe for a flight,

to rush with soft and sudden vehemence into what one feels is exactly the right order, the needed cadence. It is like the sleepy charm of running water, except that there comes ever and again a soft and luminous lightning which makes the startled landscape clear. Thus he remarks that "Romeo and Juliet" is "a duet of two astonishments"; that "Huysmans is a brain all eye, a brain which sees even ideas as if they had a superficies." And he has never written more exquisitely than when he said of Gerard de Nerval:

But to have drunk of the cup of dreams is to have drunk of the cup of eternal memory. The past, and as it seemed to him, the future, were continually with him; only the present fled continually from under his feet. It was only by the effort of this contact with people who lived so sincerely in the day, the minute, that he could find even a temporary foothold. With them, at least, he could hold back all the stars, and the darkness beyond them, and the interminable approach and disappearance of all the ages, if only for the space between tavern and tavern, where he could open his eyes on so frank an abandonment, to the common drunkenness of most people in this world, here for once really living the symbolic intoxication of their ignorance.

One must go back to the prose of Fitzgerald to rival this music.

In an age which cares so little for style, an age which is clangorously insistent on getting things done, the deliberate artifice of this bell-like language will perhaps be lost. Indeed, it is already a little quaint,

a little antique. It is perhaps self-conscious and too deliberately careful, as if these fugitive poets, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, de Nerval, might break like porcelain in his hands. Whether, indeed, this quality of the impressionistic method be wholly a merit, that the author must be perpetually watchful not to confuse with his own visions the dreams and shadows of those of whom he writes, may be doubtful. An almost medical watchfulness is demanded. Yet where in contemporary letters shall we match the cadence of such prose?

On its first appearance Huneker greeted "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" as "the most important book of humanist criticism since Walter Pater's "Renaissance." That was twenty years ago. It is not altogether comforting to realize that the publication of a revised and enlarged edition of this volume [Dutton] calls for no revision of Huneker's estimate. Symons was, and remains, the ambassador of French symbolism to the socialized literature of England and America. His is the classic treatment of the theme. The period is definitely closed and "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" is the door by which the English-reading public will hereafter enter it.

Despite the title (which in the revision should have been amended) Symons deals only with French symbolism, and not wholly with that. In addition to the essays in the former edition, Baudelaire, who is treated with justice probably for the first time in English prose criticism, Cladel, and Balzac are properly subjects under this head. But why Gautier? Why the Goncourts? Why Zola? Zola has never been so deliciously, perhaps never so maliciously attacked; the Goncourts have seldom received so sympathetic a defence, and yet these are not symbolists, and do not belong here.

Construction is not one of the impressionist virtues. Virtue goes out of the impressionist, indeed, only when his subject is really capable of exhibiting the shadow of things unseen. Beyond that, accomplishment is likely to be visible to him in a sort of luminous fog Symons could not, for instance, write even a second-rate essay on Mark Twain. Therefore his Balzac, with all its solid brilliance, is not Balzac. The critic has ignored, or he has preferred to neglect, the discrepancy between the later Maeterlinck and the author of "Aglavaine and Selysette." Because he confines himself to French literature he does not let us see the criticism of symbolism inherent in the clumsy algebra of Novalis and Tieck. "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" has definite limitations.

And yet, within those limits, how sensitive are the impressions of beauty, how subtle the analysis! There are two sorts of constructive criticism. In the intellectual, exemplified by Sainte-Beuve, one places oneself at the side of the author, plans his work with him, and pronounces that he does it ill or well. Criticism becomes the pattern the poet should have followed, to which his work more or less imperfectly fits. But in the impressionist method, the critic seats himself not beside the artist, but in his place, and endeavors to trace for us, not the plan, but the impulse of the poet. To paint the intention, to display even in its most mysterious and evanescent manifestations the true soul of the writer, this is Symons' aim. With Sainte-Beuve one knows the work better than the artist knew it; with Symons one knows the artist better than he knew himself.

One may ask, after concluding Symons' study whether symbolism in literature has no higher cry than

this passage from the brief and bitter essay with which the book is ended:

And as we realize the identity of a poem, a prayer, or a kiss, in that spiritual universe which we are weaving for ourselves . . . as we realize the infinite insignificance of action, its immense distance from the current of life . . . it is at least with a certain relief that we return to an ancient doctrine, so much the more likely to be true because it has so much the air of a dream. On this theory alone does all life become worth living, all art worth making, all worship worth offering.

It is, to be sure, the meaning of "The Loom of Dreams":

And the only world is the world of my dreams,
And my weaving the only happiness;
For what is the world but what it seems?
And who knows but that God, beyond our guess,
Sits weaving worlds out of loneliness?

But a theory adopted for no better reason than that it affords "a certain relief"—is it not, after all, the very negation, not merely of any positive philosophy, in itself, perhaps, not of great importance, but of mysticism as well? The mystic can hardly afford so costly an anodyne. For to deny even to passivity any positive value is, indeed, to walk among shadows, and it is here that Symons becomes

Far too far off for wings of words to follow.

Another new book brings us closer to the earth.

Poets are more frequently critics than critics are poets. And it is precisely for this reason that one is disturbed by "Studies in Elizabethan Drama" [Dutton], a book which involves two radically different kinds of literary method. The Elizabethan age is conventionally the hunting ground of university persons intent on degrees and monographs, the results of whose researches, if they have frequently been solid and necessary, have not always been felicitous. It is among these magpies of poetry that Symons is now found. *Que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*

For it is precisely in this field that we lack nowadays those luminous interpretations which only the poet, brooding over the incomplete and haunting beauty of Elizabethan tragedy, can reveal. Almost alone in our time the genius of Symons is competent to give us those radiant flashes which Lamb and Coleridge first threw out. It is true we have advanced in knowledge far beyond the romantic age, but have we advanced in wisdom? Rupert Brooke once referred disrespectfully to "the method of Polonius and Professor Schelling." Well, in this book Symons has partially gone over to the method of Professor Schelling. He has reprinted his study of Middleton and Rowley from the "Cambridge History of English Literature." He has discussed "The Question of Henry VIII." Almost any one of a certain order of talent can discuss the question of Henry VIII.

Professor Stuart P. Sherman, in a recent article on Paul Elmore More, wishes that the writer of the "Shelburne Essays" would quit work on the history of Neo-Platonism, and give us the history of "P. E. M." Is it to be wished that Symons would quit the arid questions of text to give us his soul's adventure among the Elizabethan masterpieces. Fortunately, however, in the essays of "Antony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," the true Symons reappears. To have remarked that "'Antony and Cleopatra' is the most wonderful, I think, of all Shakespeare's plays, and it is so mainly because the figure of Cleopatra is the most wonderful of Shakespeare's women," is, in the precision with which "wonderful" is used, a higher order of attainment than the whole essay on Philip Massinger.

Literature is not so much a republic of letters as an aristocracy. Should not its upper orders retain that motto of all true aristocracy, *noblesse oblige*? He who has hitherto cultivated his garden with such exquisite literary tact is here and there in the "Studies in Elizabethan Drama" undistinguished from the throng. When

the muse in alien ways
Goes wandering,

one may rightfully protest. There are many professors able and ready to do research work as it is needed, but there is only one Symons, and in the sensitive play of his extraordinarily receptive intellect, gathering up and focussing for us a thousand rays too delicate for the coarser instruments of the scholar, lies the true worth of his criticism. Interpretation, not scholarship, is just now the need of literature.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

A LOST PROPHET.

I SAW Horace Traubel only once. It was in the fall of 1918. I was making a study of Mark Twain and it occurred to me that it would be interesting to know what Walt Whitman had thought of his most celebrated contemporary. I did not realize then that in the immense isolation of their lives the American writers of the epoch of expansion did not think of one another at all.

A few months before, Traubel had sent me this letter from Hamilton, Ontario, where he was spending the summer:

The letter Mark Twain wrote me *re* the W. W. celebration in Camden in 1889 is to be found in full in "Camden's Compliments to Walt Whitman" which I suppose is in the New York Public Library. It was published by David McKay. Walt gave the little book its title. I edited the book and I wrote its floridly juvenile or juveniley florid Introduction. When I get back to New York I'd like to talk with you. Just now I'm here trying to get some lameness out of my left leg and some blindness out of my two eyes.

I don't just recall things said by Walt about M. T. But I do remember that in 1889, as those letters for the celebration came in, I read them to Walt, and that when he heard Mark's letter he said something which I jotted down and which will appear later in my "With W. W. in Camden."

Mark was always to me one of the almost but not quite men. One of the biggest men—almost. One of the best men—almost. One of the honestest men—almost. As a matter of fact, summed up, Mark Twain was Mark Twain—almost.

I must stop. I can hardly see this sheet of paper. My writing, always dubiously decipherable, is now worse than ever.

What did Whitman think of Mark Twain? His one casually expressed opinion was, I gathered, quite inconsequential. What did Mark Twain think of Whitman? In all the voluminous record of his talk and correspondence one finds not a single reference to the greatest of his fellow-writers. He wrote to him on his seventieth birthday, it is true, but what form did his felicitations take? He congratulated the poet on having lived to witness the amazing benefactions of coal-tar. It did not seem to occur to him to congratulate America for having witnessed the benefactions of Walt Whitman.

At last I saw Traubel. He was living with friends in a flat overlooking Central Park. Although he was not over sixty it was very evident that the end was not far off. Never have I seen anything so frail as that wisp of a man with the prodigious head, the tangle of white hair, the tiny fluttering hands, the nebulous body. He drifted about the room like a forlorn little ghost, and there was about him something so childlike, so wistful, so lost! Wasn't he lost, really lost, in the chaos of our American life?

That, at any rate, is the impression left upon me by David Karsner's "Horace Traubel: His Life and Work," recently published in New York by Egmont Arens.

I never realized before what a terrible undertaking it is to be a prophet. Traubel had lived too long with Whitman; he had inherited Whitman's shoes, and it never occurred to him that by exchanging them for a smaller pair he might have made more progress. I say this with respect and even with affection, for there is something that touches one in Mr. Karsner's book. Who would say it at all if he were not anxious to see this great spiritual prairie of ours take on some of the fruitful comeliness of a garden, if he were not troubled by the misfits, the undeveloped and unfocussed minds that abound in this hemisphere, if he were not convinced that what we need is an army of modest souls with the patience, the self-knowledge and the skill to seize upon some fragment of prophetic vision and realize it? "I have no gospel to preach," said Traubel once. "I just walk around and let my spirit look in the crowd." That is very poor economy: it is not the method of the thinker nor of the poet nor of the man of action. Nor is it the method of the prophet who is large enough for his rôle. Whitman walked around in the crowd, but he never let his spirit loose in it: he made the crowd come to him, in silence, one by one. Traubel already seems a type of the past, of the Age of Uplift, of the evangelist in political reform, of the one-man magazine devoted to the celebration of the democratic ego. As cordially as any Western pioneer he despised the mere profession of letters. "You writers who are trying to write. You artists anywhere who are trying for art. You who hold yourselves in a class apart and play the game of temperament. You fools, liars, ornamenters, hypocrites, prostitutes of words." But the profession of letters is, after all, the only way of salvation for those who write, and writers "hold themselves in a class apart" simply because without detachment there is no such thing as literature. "Our fundamental want to-day in the United States is of a class, and the clear idea of a class, of native authors, *litterateurs*." That was Whitman's view, and if Traubel had ever truly found himself, he would have understood it.

As it was, Traubel's life, far from turning on its own axis, was like a shadow of Whitman's. His political opinions apart, he followed, unconsciously but more completely than any other disciple I know of, in the tracks of his master: he was the moon to Whitman's earth. His style, his mannerisms, his habits, his conception of the literary career, his isolation from other writers, his practical helplessness, his cliquishness, the innocent *récit* that kept him afloat—everything about him recalls the Camden atmosphere of thirty years ago. He was a good man and a gifted man but he was the product of a bad school. Prophets are like the revolutions they inspire: the world would die of atrophy if they did not occur at intervals. But they are a sad waste when they lack just the sufficient psychic force.

V. W. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE BOOK.

ESPECIALLY, as he says, to furnish the younger critics of America with stones for their slings, Ludwig Lewisohn has prepared for the Modern Library his "Modern Book of Criticism" (Boni and Liveright). Many of these same "shivering young Davids" will, I imagine, carry the little book about in their pockets with a fine sense of comradeship and fortification: to readers in general it will open up an immense, adventurous field of contemporary expression. Arranged in four parts, and including, in about equal measure, representative passages from French, German, English and Irish, and American criticism, it reveals, as no other book could do quite so well, the whole sweep and tendency of modern literature. It is a pity that Mr. Lewisohn could not have found room for Georg Brandes, André Gide and the beautiful spirit of John Eglinton, to mention a few of the many necessary omissions. Most valuable perhaps, because by far

the least accessible and familiar, are the selections from German critics.

It is difficult to imagine a more unmoral situation than that of an army fighting without a sense of unctuous and against its sense of right, but this is what military intervention in Russia imposed on a small army of Americans.

With this as perhaps his central comment, Ralph Albertson, in "Fighting Without a War" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), tells the story of the Archangel Expedition. "The men in France had faith in their cause. The men in Russia had none. Over and over again our men in Russia have argued with me that while we were fighting for freedom in France we were fighting to kill it in Russia." In method, a series of twenty or more journalistic snap-shots, and in character a "fact-story" of the familiar type, the book is a lively and human picture of one of the most chaotic and futile episodes of the war.

ALARM and exasperation are the notes of Katherine Fulerton Gerould's "Modes and Morals" (Scribners). Mrs. Gerould professes to speak on behalf of the professional class, the smaller salaried class that has been decently bred and cannot look forward to any real financial fortune; she sees this class in danger of losing all hope of the amenities of life and on its behalf, with a dramatic gesture, requests democracy and science to come to a full stop. One feels something a little disingenuous in Mrs. Gerould's attempt to draw tears for the decent educated poor when her fundamental interest is so evidently the defense of caste-prestige. Nothing, meanwhile, could be less lovely, less generous, less joyous, less humane, than the sort of culture Mrs. Gerould contemplates. She is so full of grudges, so incapable of the largeness that often redeems the Tory point of view, so without faith in human nature. "We must teach our children that the greatest goods are not the things that skilled labour produces." What a way of defending the things of the spirit! One cannot help feeling that for Mrs. Gerould they have value chiefly because labour hasn't produced them and the majority can't possess them. Could a perverted sophistication go further than that?

A REALM as wholly his own as Lord Dunsany's is that which F. W. Bain's imagination inhabits. "The Substance of a Dream" (Putnam) is the tenth volume in the series of pseudo-Hindu stories this English writer continues to "translate from the Original Manuscripts." They are charming, too, with a slow and complicated charm, full of rich colour and of an intricate design like mediæval tapestries. I am sure that James Branch Cabell likes these books, and American readers can judge of their quality better from that, perhaps, than from any mere description of them.

TOCQUEVILLE, years and years ago, remarked that in America there was less freedom of thought and discussion than in any other country he knew of. I wonder if it is because of this, because Americans are so inhibited from expressing themselves in their ordinary professional life that so many of them, retiring as early as they can, straightway set up little editorial pulpits in which they can shame the devil of conformity. The one-man magazine, the organ of the Blue Jeans philosopher, sage and prophet is one of the peculiarly American institutions of the recent past: and perhaps the most flourishing extant example of it is E. W. Howe's *Monthly*. From this paper has been gathered, with an introduction by H. L. Mencken, the collection of the Kansas Rochefoucauld's aphorisms, "Ventures in Common Sense" (A. A. Knopf). People who imagine that the American character has changed radically in the past hundred years would do well to compare these maxims with Ben Franklin's. There are significant differences, but the woof of homespun is astonishingly the same.

On encouragement—

Last week we printed some extracts from friendly letters that accompanied subscriptions. Here are others chosen from among the many that indicate that, though good weekly papers exist, there is still room for more.

Of the making of books there is no end, but where would be the weariness to the flesh if all were of the quality of your first issue? I sent you a dollar for a trial subscription, but after reading your editorials—especially the one on human nature—I'm ready to go the whole way with you. Here are five more dollars, please put me down for a year's subscription.

Delaware.

K. C. B.

Please send me the *FREEMAN* for the next ten weeks. As I see things at present I'm going to vote for General Wood next November and I want to give you a chance to show me that I shall be wasting my time.

New Hampshire. O. V. F.

After carefully perusing the first issue of the *FREEMAN* I've come to the conclusion that here is a weekly with a difference. That is why I am sending you herewith my check (or cheque as doubtless you would say), for an annual subscription.

Boston, Mass. C. E.

Every thoughtful citizen must be feeling perplexed and anxious at the grave issues which are facing the nation this Presidential year. In the hope that the *FREEMAN* may help me to face the problems of these fateful days I am going to take advantage of your test offer, though I am already a subscriber to two distinguished contemporaries of yours. The *FREEMAN* will be eagerly read by several in this far away community.

Missouri. A. M. L.

May we have the names and addresses of those in your circle of friends who have not yet seen *THE FREEMAN*? We want to send them a sample copy.

PROMPTLY upon publication of our first issue the *New York Times* called *THE FREEMAN* a "radical" paper and printed an editorial criticising Mr. Bullitt's article, "The Tragedy of Paris." It is as we expected. The occurrence will confirm the hopes of our friends: the *Times* does not approve of us. On the other hand the editor of the *Baltimore Sun* says that our "advent is to be welcomed. . . . May it always appear in as incisive and distinctive a form as that in which it is presented in the first number." The *New York Globe*, too, extends a welcoming hand—calling us "refreshing," because it discerns in our pages "an irreverence for the merely political remedy" for the world's unrest.

THE FREEMAN will go on interpreting events according to its lights, giving a fair hearing to all schools of thought, all shades of opinion, and all sects in the arts, religion and science, whenever their utterances are interesting and readable. As we have no false notions concerning our infallibility we shall not exclude from our correspondence columns such criticism as we think may be of interest—or amusement—to many of our readers.

But to promises: in the next few issues look for the first installments of Leo Tolstoy's writings; he is a Russian critic and philosopher whose work will arouse your enthusiasm. Laurence Housman presents three articles: *Woman and Labor*; *Woman and Politics*, and *Woman and Marriage*. In "The Genesis of Huck Finn," Van Wyck Brooks gives a penetrating and revealing analysis of the mind of Mark Twain. Another notable article—an indictment of the military mind—will be a review of Admiral Lord Fisher's volume of indiscretions, "Memories and Records." In lighter vein, some charming and unusual sketches of the bye-ways of city life will appear in early issues from the pen of Walter Prichard Eaton, whose opinion of John Barrymore's reading of "Richard III" will appear in our next issue.

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